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THE OLD PUGILIST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. H. ROGERS.

His form is bent, his eye is dull,
The measure of his life is full.
His voice hath lost its ancient ring,
His step its early vigorous spring.
His cheek is thin, once full and fair,
All snowy white the veteran's hair.
And yet, tho' bent and broken now,
The sunshine lingers on his brow.

When manhood's vigor fired his frame,
His cheek n'er knew the blush of shame:
If victory cheered the battle's end,
His vanquished rival found a friend;
But if disaster lowered his crest,
No malice rankled in his breast.
Then, wonder not that warmly now
The sunshine lingers on his brow.

He calmly sits at close of day,
And smokes the pleasant hours away;
And wanders back, on memory's wing,
To live again in life's sweet spring.
He feels the thrill of manly pride
He felt when manly foes defied;
And tho' a tear may softly start,
The sunshine lingers round his heart.

Nor doth he dread what Death may bring
When summoned to its mystic "ring;"
He'll enter there as free from fear
As e'er he "faced the music" here:
For well he knows the "flats" given
On men are always "square" in Heaven.
Content to stay, content to part
From earth, there's sunshine round his heart.

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER III.

OUT IN THE STREETS—THE COTTAGE—THE HUNTED MAN.

At the period of our story, London was little like the London of to-day. It was the centre of innumerable little hamlets or suburbs now joined to it by stately streets, but then only to be reached by gloomy highways, or gloomier bridle-paths, where crime lurked in every shadow, and where the highwaymen loitered carelessly under the protecting shade of dense and lofty trees. The streets themselves—lit by dim and melancholy-looking oil lamps—were gloomy, too; and here and there—where the wind, or an interested person, had extinguished the lights—they were buried in impenetrable obscurity.

In these places hid the thief escaping from justice—the gambler who had left his fortunate companion on the ground with a stab in his back—the man whom society had rendered an outlaw, and who preyed upon his fellows.

For hours the silence of these dark corners was unbroken, save by the dreary voice of the watchman, or the bawling of some sedan chair bearers, as they rushed along, preceded by lackeys with flaming flambeaux.

Along these still and gloomy streets a man was wandering on the night before the arrival of Sir Mordaunt Carew at Farborough.

A man, tall, and spare and sallow—one upon whom misfortune had placed the stamp of the most wretched of her children—a man who, when he passed you, shrunk from you, and darted away into the darkness. You could see his stealthy backward glance as he passed, and feel involuntarily how he avoided you, as if contact with you were a terror to his mind. At twilight he had emerged into the streets. Whence he came no one knew, for none had seen him issue forth. All the watchman knew was, that a noiseless, creeping figure had suddenly passed him, and startled him from a reverie. He was evidently alone in the city: and it was evident, too, that his heart sank at the thought. You may be alone out in the dark country, when the only sound you hear is the pattering of the unwelcome rain, and the only shelter is the hayrick or the deserted barn.

This is cheerless and wretched enough: but how far more lonely is loneliness in the heart of a great city—how much more dismal is it to feel that thousands of human beings are living and breathing around you—that they are sleeping the sleep in which all are equal, and that among the gaiety and quiet, the dissipation and the home happiness, the bustling and slumbering citizens, you are the chosen one of despair! These are the dread feelings which drive men to evil deeds—these are the miseries over which the dark rivers of great cities close each night.

When the evening had passed away, he left the streets of the city, and plunged into the dreary road which then lay between London and Hampstead. There were but few stars in the sky, and the country looked dismal, wet, and uninviting. It would have been full of terrors, too, for most people. But Paisley Wentworth feared nothing. Who is so bold as he who has nothing to lose?

He held in his hand a stout stick, which he clutched as if it were the arm of a companion; and when he had passed the last house, he never paused a moment to see if there were any lights before him, but plunged boldly forward. If, however, he feared detection, he should have glanced behind him.

Scarcely had he left the long stream of flickering light which issued from the "Rising Sun" tavern, when two men, clad in rough jackets, who had been following him a long way off, quickened their pace and passed after him into the gloom of the high road. He walked along so wearily and so rapidly, that it was evident he had a great start ahead of him; but a man who is thrown much upon the cold mercy of the world is suspicious of every sound, and is never quite lost to outward things. So, although his eyes were fixed before him, his ear quickly detected the sound of footsteps behind him.

He trembled violently. Was his hand against every one, and was every one's hand against him, that he thus feared his fellow men? However this may be he took a sudden resolution.

Without wasting a moment in reflection, he slid down from the pathway into a deep ditch, where a stream of gently running water gurgled over the pebbles amid the slimy reeds, and hid himself away in the shadow.

Presently the two men approached. The silence which pervaded the country evidently puzzled them, and they were talking earnestly as they passed him.

"He must have turned aside near this spot," said one of them. "I'll swear that up to this point he kept along the road."

They stopped still a few yards ahead of him and consulted.

"Well," said the second traveler, "we need not wait. We know his destination; and all we have to do is to keep on and reach the place before him, or, at any rate, as soon as he does."

"Yes; but much good might be done if we could prevent his going there, or, at least, see him before he does go."

He paused a moment to think.

"Well, well," he said, "it is of no use to remain here. Let us go forward."

And so, after this short interruption, they went on very rapidly, until they almost increased their pace to a run.

Paisley Wentworth rose from his strange hiding-place, and laughed bitterly to himself.

"What good do they propose by hunting me thus?" he muttered, as he left the high road and passed along a narrow path across a dank and oozy field. "If the child be still alive, she shall come with me if the whole world is there to prevent me."

Meanwhile, the two men, who, for some strange reason, were dogging his footsteps, continued their progress until they reached a little cottage which stood by itself a short distance from the high road.

A light trembled in the window—a shadow now and then fell upon the blind above; that was all, in that still dark spot, which proved that human beings were there. In the front room of that cottage—there were but two rooms—sat a woman who had scarcely yet quitted the period when one can lay claim to youth. Her hair was neatly braided beneath a widow's cap—her hands were folded on her lap—her eyes were fixed upon the flames in the reviving fire. At her feet lay a large black dog, asleep, with his nose flattened out along his massive paws.

The furniture of the place was scanty, but what there was was good. It seemed to tell a story of days when it had only been a portion of the stock of a well-filled house. On the black shelves that stood in one corner were many volumes of all imaginable sizes and characters; but on this evening evidently the widow's books were in the flames, and in them she was reading the past, or striving to understand the future.

Suddenly the dog started, and uttered a low, plaintive growl. The widow gazed at him with alarm in her face, but she had not much time left for surmise. Before she could collect her thoughts, a loud knock called her to the door.

She drew back, and then closed the door again somewhat tremulously, as there entered one of the pursuers of Paisley Wentworth. He was a tall, well-built man, of some forty years of age—a man with whom nature had dealt kindly, and who rewarded her for it by his evident enjoyment of life. He was dressed in a rough coat, and wore his hat with a dash of jauntiness on one side of his head, but his attire altogether was evidently a disguise.

"Good evening, Mistress Bellingham," he said. "Have you seen anything this night of Paisley Wentworth?"

The woman clasped her hands in mute terror.

"Tell me the truth," he added, sternly. "I am seeking him for his own good."

"I *will* tell the truth!" she cried. "I have *not* seen him; and, what is more, I hope and trust he will not come here. His coming is always the sequel of sorrow to himself or to others."

"He is a rash and foolish man," muttered the gentleman, who was evidently convinced by the widow's earnest manner; "but he ought by this time to be aware that from Sir Neville Delarue he need fear no evil. He is coming here to-night, I am certain, so I will await him here."

The widow gazed at him in fear.

"Oh! Sir Neville, let him not find you here," she supplicated. "You know his fierce and ungovernable temper."

"Tush, woman!" cried Sir Neville, interrupting her impatiently. "What do you fear? Tell me, where is the child?"

"It is gone," said Mrs. Bellingham.

The Baronet's cheek blanched.

"Gone!" he cried in a hoarse voice. "What mean you? Is it dead?"

"Dead! No, no, not dead—not so terrible a misfortune as that. But I have lost it. Nebe has taken it away with her, where no one knows; and Sir Mordaunt and Lady Carew are even now in search of it."

Sir Neville Delarue remained for a few moments in thought. Then he rose slowly.

"Mrs. Bellingham," he said, sternly, "I will leave you: my servant has gone up to the hall; I will follow him thither. Upon your own head be the result of this crime, for so your neglect may justly be termed. To you, then, I abandon the task of telling Wentworth this terrible news. Hark!"

He stood still, with his arm uplifted.

There was a sound as of footsteps approaching the house, but no hand raised the latch of the door, though both felt *he* was there.

There was a shadow at the window—a glare of bloodshot eyes at the bright fire—the stain of breath upon the glass, and he was gone. Sir Neville, yielding to his first impulse, rushed to the door.

A dim, hurrying figure passed between him and the horizon.

"Wentworth! Wentworth!" cried he; "come back—come back!"

He would have followed, but the widow clung to him with the eagerness of terror.

"Oh! molest him not!" she cried, in a voice of earnest entreaty. "Molest him not! Remember his child is gone, and I have to answer to him for her. Think of his fearful anger, Sir Neville, and, for the love of heaven, leave him to himself."

The Baronet thought a moment, and then slowly and in silence took his way towards Carew House, which stood about a mile beyond. When he had advanced some few hundred yards he stopped and glanced back.

The light in the cottage had been extinguished.

Fearing that some evil deed had been perpetrated since his departure by the man whose anger the widow seemed so greatly to dread, he at first thought of going back, but then with a shudder he turned away, and hurried onwards towards Carew House.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE SECRET WAS KEPT.

There had been a feud for many years in the family of the Carews of Cornwall. Sir Mordaunt Carew, the elder brother, had ever been the favorite both of his father and mother, and Wentworth Carew, the younger, had suffered the inevitable consequence. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of indifference, and had learned to hate him who should have been his companion and friend.

When Mordaunt became baronet by the death of his father—the mother had been dead some years before—Wentworth left Carew Castle and proceeded to London. A

MISS HENRIQUES, OF WALLACK'S.

FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SEE ANOTHER COLUMN.

moderate competence had been secured to him by his father, and on this he lived for some time, scorning to work honestly, because, as he imagined, it was ungentlemanly. After a time, however, he married, and had one child. His marriage altogether changed the aspect of affairs. His wife, a young and beautiful woman, was always ailing; and his money, forestalled by loans and mortgages, soon evaporated. Then he applied to his friends, who refused him help, and referred him to his brother. His brother, however, was the last person in the world to whom he would have gone in such an emergency, and she died and was buried in poverty. The child, little Alice Carew, was placed by her father under the care of Mrs. Bellingham, at the cottage near Carew House. Why he chose this spot it is difficult to say, but it might have been with a dim, undefined hope that if fortune proved fickle to himself, Alice, at least, might be near the home of a friend.

The child was placed at the cottage under the name of Alice Wentworth, and he himself, from the moment of his poverty, assumed that of Paisley Wentworth. He disappeared. Meanwhile Sir Mordaunt Carew's wife died, leaving no issue. Then, after a time of mourning, he married again, a Mrs. Constance Le Morneaut, the young widow of a French captain, who brought to him a pretty face, a handsome person, a little child, and no fortune. She was an Englishwoman, had married out of spite, and had taught her boy, a fine fellow of five, to hate his father, and ridicule his memory.

Sir Mordaunt Carew soon discovered the propinquity of his niece, and after a variety of coaxings and persuadings, he induced Mrs. Bellingham to allow the child to visit Carew House. Little Alice Wentworth, as she was called, was a winning child, and it was not long ere the Baronet became devotedly attached to her. His second marriage was, at the period our story opens, as unfortunate as the first: no children blessed the union; and although Henri, his step-child, engrossed a considerable amount of his attention, his heart yearned towards Alice, who was, strictly speaking, his heiress. And so some said she would be. Others, on the contrary, spoke of another child, a boy, who, if he were living, would be nearly of age; but of him nothing was known, neither of his birth, nor of his mother, nor of his subsequent life. His name was a memory, that was all. It was a week before the scene at Mrs. Bellingham's cottage that an event had occurred which plunged not only Carew House, but the whole neighborhood into consternation. In the service of Sir Mordaunt was a young woman named Nebe Leyton, who had been imported into the establishment by Lady Constance, and who occupied an anomalous position something between that of a lady's-maid and that of a companion. Nebe was but twenty years of age, and very pretty, but she looked older, and had an expression in her face which was anything but pleasing.

For some time she had been engaged to be married to Hugh Ledbitter, the gardener at Carew House, a rough, ill-looking fellow, who appeared anything but a fit mate for her; but who, it is said, had saved a little money, and who seemed also to have a strange influence over her. Lady Constance favored this union, principally, it was believed, because she had some idea of getting rid of both of them for some hidden reason.

A week before the opening of my story, as I have said, Lady Constance Carew called her maid, Nebe, into her room.

"Nebe," she said, "I have always placed great confidence in you."

Nebe smirked.

"Yes, my lady," she answered; "in me and Florette, your other maid."

Lady Constance detected the slightest possible shade of annoyance in the reply.

She hastened to remove it.

"Yes," she said, "I have trusted Florette too, because when I lose you it will be necessary to have some one to replace you. You know it is not easy to find one who can be trusted as you can."

"You are very good, my lady, I am sure," said Nebe, courtseying.

"No, I am only telling the truth. But come, let me tell you why I have sent for you to-night. I wish you to get married."

Nebe started.

"Get married!" she cried in wonder.

"Yes; you have always told me you would like to marry Hugh Ledbitter; *now* I will give you the means. But it must be on one condition that I help you, and one only."

"What is that, my lady?"

"That you leave the country. Nay, do not speak, do not offer any objections; there must be none. You must leave the country, and with you, you must take Alice Wentworth, this child whom they pretend to be my husband's brother's daughter. It must be done at once, for Paisley Wentworth is expected home day by day, and if we delay it will be too late."

Nebe thought a moment.

"Good, my lady!" she said. "Shall I tell Hugh?"

"No; let me do so myself. Send him to me."

Nebe trembled, and her face changed color rapidly. She seemed under the influence of some unaccountable fear.

"What ails you?" asked Lady Carew.

Nebe smiled faintly.

"I feel excited by this sudden announcement of yours, that is all," she said; "but had I not better tell Hugh myself? If he be seen coming hither it may excite suspicion after I have gone."

Lady Carew thought a moment.

"True—you are right; so tell him at once. Say he must marry you the day after to-morrow. Give him these ten sovereigns, and explain that if he consents to my arrangement he shall have two thousand. But remember one thing. Not a penny more shall he have until he reaches Liverpool. There a man shall be in waiting to see him on board a vessel; once on board, the money shall be given him; but the journey from London to Liverpool must be performed on foot, that no one may suspect my connivance, if you are discovered, and that, moreover, you may not be traced. Go and tell him my plan, and when I have heard what he says I will give you minuter details."

Ten minutes after, Nebe, attired in a neat bonnet and shawl—dressed, in fact, as little conspicuously as possible—took her way towards Hampstead. The cottage where Hugh Ledbitter resided was situated at one end of the grounds of Carew House, where it formed a kind of back lodge. It was not, however, towards this lodge that Nebe took her way.

After crossing the gardens, as much as possible in the shady portions, she glanced round after she reached the front lodge, to see if she was not followed, and then plunged down along the dark road. Presently, amid the dense obscurity, burst forth a bright light, and she saw the sign of the "Traveler's Rest" swinging to and fro in the wind.

She approached noiselessly, and peeped into the public room.

The light was dim and muffled in that room, for the smoke was dense, and the lamp fed with oil, which was far from the best; but near the window she could distinguish the form and face of one who was strikingly distinguished from the other occupants of the room. He was young, tall, well-built, with a face which was intelligent and manly, without being handsome; but which was not so fortunate in expression as in feature. His hair fell in long, light waves over his shoulders, and he wore his dress with an air of devil-may-care confidence, which, in him, was scarcely displeasing. A smile passed over the girl's features as her eyes rested on him.

She then tapped the window three times.

The summons was at once understood.

The young man leaped up.

"I must go, my friends," he cried, gaily, as he caught up his hat. "Adieu, until our next merry meeting!"

In another moment he was at Nebe's side.

"Why, Nebe, my charmer," he cried, "you are, indeed, early! But what is the matter? You seem pale, and ill, and excited."

"I am, Mark," said Nebe. "I have much to tell. Listen, and I will explain all."

The young man listened—not very patiently, be it said—to her recital. He laughed when she had finished her story.

"What has all this to do with me, my dear one?" he cried; "*my* name is not Hugh Ledbitter?"

"No, no, Mark, you do not understand me!" said Nebe. "Lady Carew does not mean to see Hugh, lest he should excite suspicion. Hugh, therefore, will know nothing of all this. You must marry me and have the two thousand pounds."

Mark started.

"By Jove, Nebe!" he cried, "you are an angel. I have been at my unfortunate tricks again. I stopped a gentleman a week since, in Lambeth Fields, and the rascally moon broke out full in my face, and he recognised me—not, however, till his purse was safe in my pocket. The Bow-street runners are after me; and I'll swear that every sound in yonder inn frightened me from my senses?"

"You need be frightened no longer, then," said Nebe.

"No, dear one; you have come in the nick of time. But tell me how is the matter to be arranged!"

"You must go to London, obtain a license in the name of Hugh Ledbitter, marry me at once, and we will go. Here are the ten pounds my lady gave me to-night. When I tell her I have arranged matters, she will explain all the details, she says."

"Good, my little philosopher!" cried Mark, as he pocketed the ten sovereigns with gusto; "but there is one point you have overlooked."

"What is that?"

"Hugh will be at Carew House, and will betray us by his very presence."

Nebe thought a moment.

"I will concoct a letter," she said, "which will take him out of the neighborhood for three days. By that time we shall be far on our journey."

"Well, well! time will prove! When am I to see you again?"

"To-morrow night."

"Good! By that time I will have the license."

On the following night, Nebe met her lover, and having explained their future plans, and arranged the meeting for the morrow, left him, and betook herself towards home.

The night was dark and gloomy. Heavy clouds swept across the sky, and the face of the country round, gloomy at all times, was now ten-fold as black as usual. Hampstead, as I have said elsewhere, was then a small and isolated village. Broad roads and dark bridle-paths swept away from it everywhere, and the din of the mighty city beyond was drowned amid the voice of the trees.

At the corner of Lenford Lane—a narrow turning which, at that time, led from the main road towards Highgate Hill—he started as a tall figure suddenly stood beside him.

He drew back.

"You startled me, my friend," cried Mark. "Let me pass; I am in a hurry."

The other chuckled derisively.

"Not so fast, my friend," returned he; "I've got something to say to you."

"Indeed! You might then have chosen a better place than this," replied Mark; "some spot where we could see one another's faces."

"It's not necessary. In such a place we might be overheard. If you can't see my face, and don't know me, I'll tell you who I am and who you are. I am Hugh Ledbitter, and your name is Mark Durant."

"Well, and what then?"

"You have just left Nebe."

"I have."

"What would you with her?"

Mark laughed loudly.

"What is that to you, Master Ledbitter?"

"Everything. She be going to marry me."

"Indeed! Well, every woman to her taste. I don't see what one need say more just now; so let me pass, as I am in a hurry."

"Now, understand me, Mark Durant," cried Hugh Ledbitter, sternly, "I didn't come here to jest; I came here to tell you, once for all, that I won't be made a fool of. You've no right to be with Nebe. She's my sweetheart, and is going to be my wife: so look to it I don't meet you with her again. I've seen you loafing about here for some time; and I'll tell you what, if I catch you at it again, I'll set the Bow street runners on to you. I know they're main anxious to catch hold of you."

The blood of the highwayman—for such truly was Mark Durant—rose at these words.

"Stand aside," he cried hoarsely, "and molest me not; or, by heavens, it will be the worse for you!"

"Oh! I've a little more to say, and you shall hear me out," said Hugh. "Ah! would you come to blows so soon?"

Mark raised his heavy stick and rushed upon him. Hugh Ledbitter was active, but no match for his experienced opponent, and the combat was of but short duration. In less than ten minutes, Hugh was lying, stunned and bleeding, on the earth.

Mark knelt down, and, by the pale light of the moon, glanced at the man's face.

"He isn't dead, more's the pity," he muttered. "If he were dead and out of the way, why the cheat would never be discovered."

The cold sweat stood on his brow, and he glanced uneasily round him.

Then he drew from his breast a long, thin knife, and plunged it again and again into the chest of his senseless opponent. A long-drawn sigh, a gush of blood, and all was over. The cheat was safe from discovery. But there was something more, though Mark knew it not.

The Carew secret was safe.

On the next day, Mark and his wife left London, and Alice Wentworth went with them. How they guarded their charge we already know.

CHAPTER V.

A FAIR ONE'S DECEIT.

Great was the consternation of Sir Mordaunt Carew when he discovered that the child he loved was gone. The news came upon him like a thunderbolt. Mrs. Bellingham came sobbing and in fear to Carew House to tell her story, and was listened to, first in wild astonishment by the baronet, and then in deep sorrow.

"I will immediately proceed in search of her, my good woman," he said, as he dismissed her and hurried to the room where sat Lady Carew.

The lady had heard of her coming, and was prepared for her husband's burst of grief and indignation. She listened with apparently deep concern to her husband's story, and then throwing herself down, in her childish way, before him, she leaned on his knees, looking up at him with her blue, bright eyes, from beneath the wild waves of her golden hair.

"Sir Mordaunt," she said, in a low, murmuring voice of sympathy, "what a sad disappointment for you!"

The baronet started.

"Disappointment, madam!" he cried. "I tell you it's no disappointment; I will not have it so. This child is gone, but I will go after—I will find her—I will——"

The young wife's eyes filled with tears as he spoke. He took her fair head between his hands, and caressed it fondly.

"Forgive me," he said, "for my roughness. I am very rude and passionate with you sometimes, my darling. But I am really very, very much grieved, and so excited that I scarcely know what I say or do."

"What purpose had these people in carrying away the child?" asked Lady Constance, quite innocently.

"I know not; Mrs. Bellingham could not tell me," returned Sir Mordaunt. "But I will soon ascertain it, for I will pursue them at once, and they shall answer for their conduct before a court of justice."

But the search was in vain, and in four days Sir Mordaunt and his wife returned to Carew House.

"Now, my boy," murmured Lady Constance, as, upon her return, she patted the head of her fair boy—"now, my boy, we are safe, and you will be the heir to all."

Meanwhile, as I have said, Paisley Wentworth came, on that black and threatening night, to the cottage of Mrs. Bellingham, but had rushed away in wild despair when Sir Neville Delarue appeared in the doorway.

The widow expected not his return, and so, bolting her door, she extinguished the lamp in the front room and retired to her bed-chamber.

She had not been there many minutes, however, before a violent knocking again aroused her. She went tottering to the door, opened it cautiously, and started back as Paisley Wentworth entered, pale and haggard, with features distorted by passion.

"Where is my child?" he cried, fiercely.

"She is gone," said Mrs. Bellingham, falling on her knees before him, and clasping her hands in earnest supplication. "Pray—pray do not blame me, for I am guiltless."

The man slammed to the door, through which the night wind was blowing coldly, and raising the woman somewhat roughly, cried, "I want none of your crying and fooling. Tell me, where is my child?"

"I know not. She is gone; whither no one can tell."

Paisley started up.

"It is to that man, Sir Neville!" he exclaimed—"you have given her up to him! Curses on him! He shall rue this day!"

"No, no, Mr. Carew," cried Mrs. Bellingham, calling him by his real name—"no, no; it is not he whom you have to blame—he has ever been a friend to you and yours. If you will let me, I will tell you the story, and you will then see who are your enemies."

Wentworth answered not, and the widow, taking his silence for consent, began her narrative.

"Sir Neville," she added, "has, I can assure you, been ever your best friend. He has spoken of you to Sir Mordaunt in terms of much regret and sorrow, and was as grieved as any man could be when he heard of your loss."

Wentworth mused awhile.

"And so," he said, at length, "my brother professes to be fond of my little Alice?"

"Yes; he loved her as if she had been his own."

"And Lady Constance?"

"I know not. Alice did not care much for her, I fancy. There was a kind of rivalry between her and Henri, the child of my lady by her former husband."

A strange gleam passed over the face of Wentworth as the widow spoke.

"Good!" he said to himself—"good! I see through this most worthy plan now. Lady Carew is anxious that her son Henri shall inherit the estate; so my poor child was in her way, and she has rid herself of it. These two people had no interest in her abduction, save the gain attaching to it through the malice of another person. I see my way clear before me. Mrs. Bellingham," he added aloud, in a voice of subdued emotion quite unusual to him, "I relieve you of all blame. I thank you for all the kindness you have shown me through my child, whom I could have taken so little care of in my rough and wandering life. Adieu, madam; and, believe me, I shall never forget you."

"But the child—the child!" said the widow. "What of her?"

Wentworth smiled.

"I believe in a providence," he answered, solemnly; "I shall find her in good time. Meanwhile, I will punish her enemies."

He then rose, opened the door, and passed out into the night.

Three nights after, the servant announced to Lady Carew that a man desired to speak with her.

"I can receive no one," she said, "who does not give his name. Did he mention none?"

"Yes, my lady. It was something like Paisley Wentworth; but I am not sure. He had no card."

Lady Carew trembled slightly. She had often heard her husband pronounce the name of Paisley Wentworth; knew that he was the younger brother of the Carew family, and feared he might come to demand what she had done with his child.

"But no," she murmured, as she dismissed the servant, and told him to admit the stranger—"no; these are idle, foolish fears. He cannot suspect me."

In another moment, Paisley Wentworth entered. Lady Carew gazed at him in utter bewilderment for some moments.

"C[illegible] pallid, ragged, desperate man be my husband's brot[illegible] she thought.

T[illegible]ey were a contrast.

I[illegible] gaunt, in tattered dress, and with a figure fragi[illegible] with misery.

She, lovely, fairy-like, gentle-eyed, with a halo of golden curls around her marble brow, and the glow of health upon her cheeks.

They were both deceivers in their way.

In his dejected, wretched gait and manner, one could scarcely discern one ray of the great hope that was in him.

In [illegible] bright eyes, her sylph-like beauty, her gentle voice[illegible]er whole air and carriage, you could never have beh[illegible] part of that deadly, serpent-like hate which coiled [illegible]ound her heart.

[illegible]ley Wentworth sat down upon a chair opposite to he[illegible] gazed at her.

[illegible]etty toy my brother has bought himself!" he mutte[illegible]. "The son of such a woman shall never be a bar to a[illegible] of mine."

Lady Carew was impatient of his gaze.

"Pray, Mr. Wentworth," she said, "may I be favored with your reason for this sudden re-appearance under the paternal roof?"

"Yes, madam," said Wentworth; "I will explain it readily. I have lost my child—I want money to enable me to search for her; and I have come for this money to the woman who has wrought me this foul wrong."

Lady Constance started.

"I do not understand you, sir," she answered. "Who has deprived you of this child?"

Paisley Wentworth's brow darkened with a cloud of terrible hate.

"You, madam; you are the woman who has done this evil deed! I know it—there is no need to deny it; but I can tell you this,—your son Henri shall never inherit the wealth that is my daughter's. Either I find her, or I take a deadly revenge!"

Lady Carew rose, and approached the bell. The color had left her pretty cheeks, and she had bitten her lips until the blood had stained them.

"I cannot suffer myself to be insulted in my own house," cried she; "I will see that my servants turn you hence."

He rose also, and caught her wrist.

"Sit down, madam; I am in my brother's house, and, if it be necessary, will let him share in our conference. I will let him know all this precious scheme—let him see how you are plotting to obtain for your son the estate of the Carews, after the death of this Sir Mordaunt, whom you affect to love. Come, madam, understand me. What I will not ask at the hands of my brother, I demand of you; because you, and you only, are the destroyer of my happiness."

"What is it you want?" asked Lady Carew, quietly.

"Five hundred pounds. No doubt you gave more to rid yourself of this obstacle."

Lady Carew tapped the fender with her tiny foot, and glanced confidingly into the fire.

"And supposing that I *had* paid those people to take away the child?" she said, with a smile which made her rosy lips seem ghastly; "do you not suppose that by this time they would be so far away as to be beyond your reach?"

"I will search the world, madam," returned Wentworth. "I am not a man to be defeated; and mark me well, if I find that any foul means have been adopted, there is a little boy in this house who shall be offered up as a sacrifice to my child."

These words, containing truly a diabolical significance, but [illegible] the outpourings of an intense—a morbid father[illegible]ove.

Lady Carew shuddered.

"Your child's life is safe," she said; "I am no murderess."

"You confess, then?" cried Wentworth. "You confess, then, you have done me this cruel wrong?"

The ready tears—the ever-ready tears burst into the blue eyes—the plastic mouth worked, and the fair breast heaved with simulated emotion.

"I do confess, Mr. Wentworth," she said in a low, hushed voice, which could be heard by none but he. "I *do* confess that in a moment of madness I *did* send your child away. But I *have* repented; indeed—indeed I have! Come to me to-morrow night, and you shall have all you require—even the latest clue I have to her present home. I will do this; but I ask of you one thing in return—secrecy."

"I *will* be secret," returned Wentworth, "as long as I find you are not deceiving me. Once let me discover a proof of your deceit, and my vengeance will fall heavily, unerringly upon you."

He rose, and moved towards the door.

"Adieu, madam," he said. "To-morrow, at this hour, expect me."

He then passed out, and his footsteps died away in the distance.

"Poor fool!" murmured Lady Carew, as she complacently lolled back in her easy chair. "Poor fool! he thinks to beat me with my own weapons. He little knows whom he has to deal."

TO BE CONTINUED.

How Paddy Kelly Recovered his Game Chicken.

A replevin suit of a novel character was tried recently in Justice Coggins' court, San Francisco, Patrick Kelly being the plaintiff and Edward Dunn the defendant, for the recovery of a hen. It was alleged by Kelly that he made an agreement some time ago with Dunn to loan him a game hen to keep until she should lay a "clutch of eggs." In return, Dunn agreed to loan Kelly his game hen until she should lay a "clutch of eggs." The exchange was made—the object being to improve, by cross-breeding, the fighting stock of the two owners. A "clutch" is said by those who are learned in Hibernia classics to signify a dozen. The exchange was made several weeks ago, but it appears that the hens were either not consulted as to the terms or misunderstood their part of the programme, or claim that they are entitled to the entire season in which to "fill the bill." Kelly states that Dunn's hen had not laid an egg, and therefore he took her home. Dunn asserts that Kelly's hen had not laid an egg, and therefore he determined to keep her until she should lay the required number. In this position of affairs Kelly found that Dunn had a decided advantage over him by having possession of both hens. Kelly alleges, however, that he can prove that his hen did lay two or three eggs for Dunn, and he knows that if she had that number she would not stop until she had a clutch of them. He values the hen at $30, and describes her in the complaint as "a red and black hen, with green legs, known as the half CLIPPER breed." In response to questions from Constable Reed he states orally that she has "no Spanish brands" on her. A bond in the sum of $120 was filed in the case, the necessary papers were issued, and the Constable took possession of the hen and held her subject to the order of the Court. The game hen which was in dispute was awarded by the jury to Kelly, the owner. The costs of suit amounted to about $18, and were paid by Dunn in greenbacks, which the Justice and Constable divided pro rata between them. The hen of "half CLIPPER breed" did not lay a "clutch of eggs." She did, however, while in the possession of Constable Reed, lay him one complimentary egg. That officer placed it in the hands of the Justice for the, purpose of being hatched out and the chicken raised. No terms were specified as to how the chicken, or the title thereto, shall be divided between the two officers—leaving an opening thereby for another $48 lawsuit whenever the product of the egg shall become worth $30.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

To Correspondents.

CHASKA, Philadelphia.—The contract being signed by both parties should be binding, at least with honorable men, whether the instrument was properly witnessed or not. If B is disposed to get out of it, we cannot see that you can prevent him. Perhaps it may be to your interest to have nothing more to do with a man whose word is worth so little.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—1. Hamill beat Ward in their last race. 2. Yes; Putnam's Rower's Manual, price, $1. 3. No. 4. Miss Marie Boniface was formerly in the ballet at the Melodeon in this city. Last season she was attached to one of the Boston theatres; at present with a travelling company in the New England States.

FRANK, Glymont, Maryland.—"1. A and B are playing Cribbage. A plays an eight, B plays a seven, A plays a nine and takes three holes for a sequence. B cannot play. A plays a six. Can A take four more holes for another sequence? 2. When does my subscription to the CLIPPER expire?".....1. Yes sirree, and one for a "go" besides. 2. Your subscription expires at No.

AN UNLUCKY HIBERNIAN.—We sympathise with you in your sad plight; bless us, you made a stunnin' fight of it, and deserved a better fate; but "our boys" are "on it" pretty lively, and it won't do to stir 'em up on the female question. Call at Ottignon's, 600 Broadway and see what can be done for you there.

PUTNAM CLUB JUNIORS.—The Junior Convention has not met since 1862, and will not probably meet again. The rules adopted by the convention were never heeded, and for all practical purposes it was of no advantage to the game. The Juniors had better practice the game according to the Senior rules.

C. S. P., Springfield, Ill.—1. Of the three "drams" mentioned, Nat Langham's ranks first in importance as a sporting hostelrie. 2. Bob Brettle does not keep a place in London; his ranche is in Digbeth, Birmingham, the sign of the White Lion. 4. Your subscription expires with No. 8 of the present vol.

STEREOTYPE, N. Y.—"While playing a three ball French carom game at billiards, I caromed on the white and red ball, (I playing the spot) pocketed the white ball and my own and left the red ball inside the string. I claim that both the red and white should be spotted. How is it?".....Both balls must be spotted.

S. K. P., Frederick, Md.—There is no such notice as you refer to. The answer was to "Quaker Master," and printed as such. No reference was made to the department with which you are connected.

HAMLET, Washington.—1. Fanny Brown is at present in this city, she lost her child a short time since. 2. Augusta is at Chicago. 3. We are not posted as to the future movements of Miss Helen Western.

JULIUS B., St. Louis.—1. Born in New York in 1837. 2. First went starring in 1853. 3. He was formerly connected with an opera troupe. 4. Junius Brutus Booth has been dead since November, 1852. 5. Your subscription money never came to hand.

MINNIE CARLTON, Chillicothe.—The proverb says "We are never too old to learn." If your sister is determined to make the stage her profession, let her enter some theatre in a subordinate position, and if she has talent it will soon burst forth.

NAVAL.—1. You don't say to what squadron. 2. Supply steamers are sent at short notice; and their day of sailing is not known to themselves so long time ahead. Keep a good look out for notice in daily papers.

A. G. M., First Rifles.—1. Heenan and Sayers' battle was drawn. 2. We make no charge for answering correspondents. 3. We change the address of our subscribers whenever notified to that effect.

F. G. H., Pittsburgh.—1. The cheapest and best route is via St. Louis. 2. You cannot go by water unless all round by San Francisco, which would be much farther and more expensive.

P. H. H.—1. Deery beat Kavanagh in one of the games in the Tournament of 1863, by 99 points. 2. It was on the 8th of June. 3. Deery has made a run of 315 points at caroms.

W. L., Palatine, N. Y.—1. Wm. Bryant was the name of the gentleman we sent to England to report the Heenan and Sayers fight. 2. The title of Emperor is superior to that of King.

ALEX, Philadelphia.—Jenny Lind's first appearance in this country was September 11, 1850, at Castle Garden. First appeared in London, May 4, 1847, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MENAGERIE.—Van Amburgh performed with his lions October 22, 1838, at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in the spectacle of "Charlemagne."

SLIGO, Providence.—"What were the names of the horses that won the Doncaster St. Leger in 1860, '61, and '62?".....St. Albans in 1860; Caller Ou in 1861; and the Marquis in 1862.

R. H., Worcester, Mass.—The Savannah was the first vessel that crossed the Atlantic under steam! She went from New York to Liverpool in twenty six days, July 15, 1819.

R. C. K., Newbern, N. C.—There is no "authentic record of a horse running a mile in one minute and four seconds." No such performance ever took place.

P. A. F., Washington, D. C.—If you will forward the manuscript, we will give it an early reading. We prefer that you should state the price.

J. J. H., Albany.—The player on the right hand of the dealer cuts them to him before dealing, and the one on the left for the turn up.

T. SMITH, Bangor, Maine.—1. At the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. 2. Our terms for advertising are 12 cents per line for each insertion; 20 per cent off if paid for three months in advance.

NAILMAKER'S ASSOCIATION, Neponsett.—You had better prepay the postage at the office of delivery.

D. C.—1. Sayers got certificates from two doctors to that effect. 2. About three months afterwards.

BOX 1129, Washington, D. C.—Too late to change it; already to press when yours came to hand.

C. F. SHELDON, Co. B, 1st Ind. Cav.—Your subscription expires with No. 7 of the present vol.

GEO. W.—Caractacus won the Derby in 1862, and the race was run on Saturday, 17th of May.

JOHN TRENWITH, Philadelphia.—We have not got them complete. Some six numbers are missing.

CHARLES HALL, Dubuque, Iowa.—The letter was not for you. It was for C. Hall, Ethiopian comedian.

B. T., Detroit.—The Union, Centreville, and Fashion race tracks are all on Long Island.

J. B.—Bill Poole was shot on the night of Feb. 24, 1855, and died in about twelve days afterwards.

YOUNG RAPID, Philadelphia.—You can procure it of news dealers at an earlier hour than by mail. See terms elsewhere.

SPIKE, Brooklyn.—"Fistiana," price, $1.25, contains all the information you require, rules of the ring, articles for a prize fight, etc.

S. A. B., Pittsburgh.—We have no reliable record of the losses in the several battles referred to.

VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A wins the bet, having put on the boots as he wagered to do. The "sure thing" plea is played out.

J. W. BARNES, Philadelphia.—The money sent pays for two insertions.

MORTIMER & Co., Philadelphia.—As it appears in this issue, $53 82 for six months.

S. A. S., Cincinnati.—Yes; it is called Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, and is published corner of Cedar and William streets, N. Y.

W. K., Decatur, Ala.—1. In London, Eng. 2. You can split on all three aces.

BROOKLYN.—B must mention the amount he bets before E calls his hand; he cannot increase it afterwards.

GRAY & Co., Lockport.—One dollar each insertion.

MAJ. BURNELL, St. Louis.—Remit $2.50 and call it square.

E. C. H. B.—Matt Peel died May 14, 1859.

PETERSON.—The Old Bowery.

T. J.—Johnny Wild is at present at the Continental, Philadelphia.

FURMAN BOY.—A private note was received, nothing more.

VIDOCK, Pittsburgh.—It is a draw bet.

GOBBO.—Reached us too late for use last week.

GEO. SHIFFLER, Camden.—We can send you the required No.

BOB W.—Milage Cornell's wife was an actress.

JOHNNY AARON.—We've got a letter for you.

JIM KERRIGAN.—A letter for you, too.

BILLY DONNELLY.—As above.

JOE GRAHAM.—Ditto.

B. F. H., Louisville.—Your items will be acceptable.

ITEM MISER.—Paper received. Thanks.

G. N. G. LIEUT., Co. F. 95th N. Y. V.—She is still living.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—One third of the stipulated three years for any player to hold the golden cue before it becomes his own private property has almost passed, and Dudley Kavanagh, of New York, its first possessor, still remains its custodian. He secured it in the first place by winning a majority of games at a tournament held in this city in June, 1863. John Secreiter, of Detroit, an old opponent of the ex-champion Phelan, was the first to attempt to wrest the sceptre from him on October 15th, of the same year, but made a sad failure, as Kavanagh scored more than two points to his one, the totals being Kavanagh 1501, Secreiter 715. The next competitor was Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, the result of which competition was fully told in last week's CLIPPER. He strove hard, and at one time it really appeared as though Dudley's glory was to pass from him. The fates decreed otherwise, however, and "he still lives" as Champion. The New Hampshire Meteor, William Goldthwaite, has now put in his claim for a trial of skill, lodged his 10-40's with the proper parties, and the third hand-to-hand conflict will take place in the usual arena in this city, about the end of May next. What the meteor's chances are to achieve a triumph remains to be seen; but Kavanagh will have to be on the alert lest he be outflanked, for Goldthwaite is no player to be trifled with. His nerve is good, his execution ditto, and he can make some astonishing big counts, unless he has fallen off instead of improved since we last saw him perform in public. We shall keep our readers advised of the state of affairs in this match as it proceeds.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, a work of 200 pages, containing much valuable information, has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. F. A. Brady 24 Ann street, is the New York agent.

RACE TRACK AT NEWBERN, N. C.—There is a circular mile track at Newbern, N. C., and the people there way anticipate some good running races this spring and the coming season. The track is the one that was used by the Newbernians before the war broke out.

CHALLENGE TO SHORT DISTANCE RUNNERS.—Ed Mc Gowan has a novice he will match against any novice in Massachusetts at either 440 yards, for $50 or $100. Man and money at Mc[illegible]'s Phenix Saloon, Milford, Mass.

A PLEA FOR THE ATHLETÆ;

OR,

The Necessity of Physical Training.

The popular idea of education—bah! it is crude, crooked, and disjointed. Even the few, who direct their attention to the subject, are too apt to regard man as only a perambulating brain, almost entirely forgetting the fact, that the said brain is neatly and compactly boxed up in a bony cranium, supported by a trunk of most elaborate workmanship, and furnished with a pair of legs magnificently adapted to getting the whole machine out of danger. Philosophers are too often like the astronomer, who, from constantly bothering his *head* about the stars, was tumbled by his *feet* headlong into a yawning pit. Regarding man as only a head, pedagogues cram the unfortunate brain so full of heavy theories and dull Bunsbyish platitudes, that the machine-human grows top-heavy, the chest sinks, the legs spindle, and finally this abortive attempt at a man "shuffles off his mortal coil" to the tune of a galloping consumption. It is the "robbing Peter to pay Paul" over again; and simply demonstrates that a sound, healthy body, is one of the chief requisites of a live man. This lesson was thoroughly understood by the Greeks, and in a less polished degree, by the Romans, also.

To contend for the prize, in the various games requiring skill, physical strength, and agility, was considered, by the most civilized nation of antiquity, as not beneath the dignity of statesmen, orators, generals, and poets. And at the Olympic games,—in so high repute were they held—might be seen representatives from the Greek colonies of Asia, Africa, and Europe, thus presenting an assemblage of the Hellenic tribes such as no other occasion could bring together. In point of fact, these celebrated games were only a part of a great religious festival, over which, as chief deity, presided Jupiter Olympus. Tradition also associated Hercules with the festival—and as the strong god was one of the principal deities of the Doric race, it is not improbable that the games were of Dorian origin. Magnificent were the sacrifices offered to Jupiter Olympus by the competitors, and by the different states of Greece.

So highly were the athletes esteemed, that gymnastic exercises were very generally cultivated by all classes of the people, and the result was seen in a physique unequaled for beauty by any other nation in the world. Nor can it be doubted by the reasonable mind, that much of the fresh, vigorous mental activity of the Greek, was due to his healthy physical education. Greek civilization was prolific in great achievments of the intellect—it produced poets of the highest order—orators of unequaled eloquence—philosophers whose speculations, thousands of years later, were destined to exert a powerful influence upon the European mind, and in the days of Leo X., almost reproduced Athens in the very heart of Italy; it produced sculptors, whose exquisitely wrought marbles were fated, at a later day, to educate the mighty genius of Michael Angelo, and thus add to the glories of a period which ranks Italy as the Greece of modern times. Michael Angelo studied the antique, but the Greek sculptors studied the human form, as it appeared after careful training, and by taking one beauty here and another there, were enabled to produce works that but required to move and speak to be the masterpieces of Divinity itself. Thus the physical training of the Greeks, their love of all athletic sports, their knotty muscles and well-knit forms, materially assisted the sculptor to the grandest triumphs of art. Praxiteles was probably a robust, healthy man, and very likely prided himself on his muscle quite as much as on his art. By developing his own physique, an artist would naturally acquire an understanding, appreciation, and love for the beauties of form.

The Olympic games were open to all of pure Hellenic descent—only the profligate and unruly were excluded. Fathers wrestled in the same arena that already swam before the eyes of their falling children, brother contended with brother, and the cry of the charioteer as he urged on his foaming steeds (the property perhaps of an Alcibiades), aroused the assembled multitudes to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Distant cities, in the persons of their representatives, gazed with breathless suspense on the doughty deeds of their favorite champions. There bounded forward the light, well-trained runner, there was hurled the heavy quoit or well-poised javelin, and here was seen the ample lungs, corded arms, and swelling muscles of the boxer.

The festival over, the victor was received by his native city with every demonstration of respect and admiration. Triumphal processions were formed to conduct him through the breach, which had been made in the city-walls, for his especial honor. The gates of a city were insufficient for the dignity of a victorious athlete.

Then came the monotheistic age, with its intense spiritualism, and proportionate neglect of the body. Man learned to regard his physical nature as his most inveterate foe. The soul and the body kept up a perpetual war with each other—and the soul, in order to gain the victory, subjected the latter to such tedious fasts and unheard-of mortifications, that it was soon too weak to continue the fight, and so "threw up the sponge." In the year 394, of the Christian Era, the Emperor Theodosius abolished the great Greek festival, and the Olympic games became a tradition of the past.

The Greek and Roman athletæ had long ceased to exist, when there sprung into existence, in the middle ages, a class of men resembling them in many ways, but nobler in intention; for they proclaimed themselves champions of truth, protectors of virtue, and the scourge of tyrants. The knight-errant, wandering from place to place, penetrating gloomy forests, crossing rivers, and riding defiantly through hostile neighborhoods, was the athlete of the Christian age. Those gorgeous tournaments, at which assembled the rank and beauty of the world, were the Olympic games of Christianity. Knight-errantry also passed away, stable governments were formed, the absurdities of medieval jurisprudence were replaced by wiser legislation, gunpowder was discovered, and the whole aspect of society was changed. A new era dawned upon the world.

Plato and Aristotle declared that no republic could be considered perfect in which gymnastics did not form a part of the education of the people. The most rigid of the ancients in this respect were unquestionably the Spartans, among whom the laws, requiring girls to be gymnasts, were so severe, that unless they were publicly proved proficient in athletic exercises, the privilege of matrimony was denied them. The result of this curious legislation was seen in such heroes as those who guarded the pass of Thermopylea. The fortifications and walls of Sparta were her citizens—and they made it their boast.

In modern times the Germans have given considerable attention to gymnastics; and the French have introduced the science into their army with great effect, as is proved by the celebrity of the Imperial Zouaves. In Sweden, gymnastics have been introduced into the national schools. And merry England, as we all know, prides herself on her manly out of door sports.

Now let us look to ourselves—let us manacle our vanity, and look facts straight in the face. Fair play is a jewel. We have any number of gymnasiums among us—but as yet no real public interest has been excited—no public importance attached to the subject. This is wrong. Our indifference is culpable. Our youth are growing up with a singular disregard of physical training. The rough and tumble boy who could throw the stone, run, leap, swim, fight, and beat Jack Tarbucket in a race to the Royal-mast-head has unaccountably disappeared. In his place we see a little dried up, weazen faced old man, whose sole ambition seems to have been deposited with his tailor and shoemaker. He looks killingly at young ladies three times his own age, walks slowly, babbles everlastingly of the last opera, and even hints at a personal acquaintance with one of the ballet girls. Two or three more of such generations—and farewell the pride, manhood, and virtue of the Republic! farewell liberty herself! Shall the times give Aristotle and Plato proof? No—no—let us awaken to the necessity of prompt action; and in the good work of physical culture, let the Empire City lead the van.

We should erect a vast arena, something in the form of Franconi's hippodrome, where once or twice a year should be celebrated the games of the athletæ. There should be horse racing, boxing, running, leaping, turning, and in short all athletic exercises. Competitors for the various prizes should be permitted to enter from all the States of the Union. Gymnastics should be incorporated with our public school system. And by this means the physique of the people would be improved, healthy exercise would remove all morbid tendencies, and the mental and moral character of the nation would be proportionably elevated. The system of prize fighting *as now practiced* would be done away with, and our Hyers and Heenans would win far nobler laurels in the great national games than they could possibly hope for in the pugilistic ring. Transferred to the public arena, that wonderful "first round" between Heenan and King would have truly recalled the palmy days of Greece. Sculptors would have caught from it a new inspiration. Heenan towering majestically in the midst of a vast assemblage, holding his adversary like a child in his grasp of iron, gazing proudly upon the multitude about him, and seemingly unconscious of the herculean struggles of his colossal foe—why, it is a theme worthy of Praxiteles himself!

In connection with the great amphitheatre, there might be established a National Gallery of Art, say on the plan of the Louvre, where casts from the masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture would be easy of access to the student of art. In this way would our city confer a lasting benefit on her own children, and the civilization of the country at large be founded on a broader and more durable bases. A race of athletæ, painters, sculptors, and poets would spring into existence, and in a short time America might rival the golden days of Greece, when the market women of Athens were competent to criticise the works of the great masters.

HEENAN AND McDONALD.

A "low sheet" in this city is laboring to throw the blame of Heenan's defeat upon Jack McDonald, but it has uphill work. The best of evidence has been furnished that when Jack McDonald separated from Heenan, he (Heenan) was in most excellent health, strong and agile, and full of confidence and life; when they met again, on the morning of the fight, Heenan was petulant and uneasy, and those who saw him enter the ring say he looked bad about the eyes, and that his skin did not show that healthy glow which they expected to see. What was the matter with him? Probably this question can best be answered by those who had been with him at the house of a "backer" in London. It must be borne in mind that it was at *John C. Heenan's own request* that McDonald and Jim Heenan did not accompany him to his London backer's, and stay by him night and day. Of all other times, they should have been with him then; they had seen him safely through his training, and intended to remain with him, as it was actually necessary they should do, but Heenan requested them to leave him alone, and as he is a man who has a strong will of his own, they were obliged to give in to him, and let him have his own way. We censure McDonald for giving in to him at all, for at that time it was more necessary than ever to be watchful of him, and see that his food and drink were not tampered with. McDonald is a skilful trainer, and knows the dangerous influences surrounding a man on the eve of battle. He should have insisted on his right to stay with his charge to the last, or throw up the job at once, no matter what might be Heenan's private business relations with that London backer; but he gave in to the headstrong Boy, and when he next saw Heenan, things had been fixed in some way to rob people of their money. Who was "in it," it is hard to determine. Heenan himself can come as near the mark as anybody if he chooses to divulge, but he's as quiet as our army on the Potomac.

McDonald, in his last communication to us, aided by John Morrissey's letter, pretty conclusively put a finisher on the attempts of his enemies here to injure him. These enemies of his intimated that McDonald had been advising Morrissey to bet on King, while he was urging Heenan's friends to put their money on the Boy. Morrissey's letter proves that McDonald, in the only letter he sent to him, advised Morrissey to invest on Heenan. No one can blame McDonald for telling some unpleasant truths about his defamers after they had goaded him on to it by many false statements.

We have a letter before us now, just received from England, which says that Heenan was then very ill, and had two or three fits every week. The writer does not think he will return to America; he thinks he will go as Charley Freeman did, who, when he died, was almost a skeleton compared to what he was when he first arrived in England and fought the Tipton Slasher. We hope the fears of our correspondent may not be realized, and that John C. Heenan "may live to fight another day."

THE BIG FAIR.

The Sanitary Fair being held in this city is now in its third week, and there is no diminution in the attendance; in fact, the number of visitors is so great that it is difficult to effect sales, the crowd carrying along everybody that stands in their way. There will evidently be a great many *pin-cushions* and other stuff left over when the Fair closes, and these will have to be disposed of at auction for whatever they will fetch. We think the committee have committed an error in placing the goods offered for sale at such high figures. At current rates, articles would go off much faster than they now do, for the prices asked for almost everything is exorbitant. Another imposition is the extra charge made to see the various departments after paying the regular entrance fee. There is too much of this sort of thing; and though few care to speak out boldly against it, yet all are opposed to extortion. The Knickerbocker Kitchen is another nuisance, as now conducted, and creates a great deal of dissatisfaction. The aristocratic element appears to rule at this Fair, and they rule very badly, too, in some instances. They choose to keep their accounts secret, and the public, the people at large, whose money after all keeps the concern in operation, are kept in the dark as to the moneys paid into the hands of the treasurer. Why should not the committee be compelled to make a daily report of receipts and expenditures? Is it for fear of hurting the feelings of the aristocracy, who have condescended to lend their influence toward the success of the Fair? It looks like it.

The sword business is another proceeding of doubtful propriety. One might imagine that we have but two Generals of any account in the whole army, and that we are determined to set them and their respective friends at loggerheads through the process of voting. Whoever gets the sword will get it through money influence, nothing else; and in that case, although "Little Mac" is now ahead, the chances will be against him in the long run. There is much humbug about this Fair business, and although the proceeds are supposed to be for a most worthy purpose, yet we fear that a large slice will be deducted for "expenses" when the sum total comes to be footed up. Saturday, April 23rd, is announced as the closing day, but we think they will run it until the Saturday following that date.

SPORTS OF THE TURF commenced last week on Long Island, but owing to the disagreeable weather the attendance was not numerous. A report of the proceedings will be found in another column.

THE TURF IN HARTFORD.—The trotting season at the Hartford Trotting Park opens on the 13th of May. On May 20th will take place a match between the famous trotters Prince and Sorrel Dan, for $2500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, the former to harness, the latter to saddle. This will probably be followed by another, June 3d, between Prince and John Morgan, for $2500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, to harness. The owner of "Young Morrill" is desirous to match him against "Gen. Meade" for $2500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, time to be agreed upon by the owners of each horse.

THE COBURN AND MACE MATCH.

It is not improbable that in our next issue we may be enabled to give the answer of Jem Mace to Joe Coburn's proposition sent out by steamer a few weeks ago. With the communication sent out, was also sent a deposit, to show Mace that business is really intended by the Irish-American. We believe Coburn's acceptance of Mace's offer to fight in Ireland will create some surprise in England, for we do not suppose that any one there has imagined that another representative from the New World would cross the big pond and endeavor to retrieve the laurels lost by John C. Heenan; but Joe is in earnest, and is very anxious to hear what reply Mace will have to make. We see that a writer in one of the London papers has been converting Joe into an "Orangeman," or something of the sort, which Joe modestly disclaims, for he is of the Fenian-brotherhood persuasion, if we have been correctly informed. We can understand the object of the writer—he evidently wishes to prejudice the masses of the Irish people against Coburn by the time he reaches Ireland, and thus make capital for his opponent; but it won't do—all Joe wants is a fair field, and no breaking in the ring, and in all probability the Irish people will see to it that their countryman from America has a welcome to the land of his birth, and supporters at the ring side to see that he is not interfered with by outsiders. Mace has been in Liverpool, and while there he recently gave a private exhibition before a number of young swells, who examined his cups, belts, etc., and then liberally rewarded him. Coburn is giving exhibitions on this side of the Atlantic, and making preparations for an early departure for "Albion's peaceful shores." Coburn's challenge has been received in London, and is published in *Bell's Life*, but it was too soon to hear from Mace in reply.

THE LATE CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH.

The Billiard Fox's Position Defined.

THE Rochester press, as is natural, perhaps, appear to be very jealous of the reputation of their representative, Louis Fox, and state that he is willing to play all the boss billiardists in due time, and has his money ready. We are pleased to hear this, and we suppose that we may therefore expect that he will throw down the gauntlet for the next turn for the Champion Cue. In defining Fox's position, the Rochester *Evening Express* says:—

"No little excitement has agitated the billiard world since the grand tournament which recently came off in New York for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair. We announced some time ago that Louis Fox, of this city, would not be able to participate, owing to a badly sprained wrist, but he very generously lent his presence to assist in carrying out the objects of the tournament. Since the affair, his name has been used in a very unceremonious way by some of the New York sporting journals, (the CLIPPER excepted,) in the way of announcing him for the matches he has not made, or authorized any one to make for him. The *Democrat* of this city has a correspondent who speaks as follows:

'It has leaked out that the billiard men had quite an exciting time a night or so after the championship match. A large party, consisting of Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, Fox, Tieman, O'Connor, Neil Bryant, Collender, and others were assembled at Kavanagh's, and the match was called up. Tieman's friends did not feel satisfied, when O'Connor, in his usual impetuous style, wanted to bet $5,000 that Kavanagh could beat Tieman in Cincinnati. Remarks, personal and anything but complimentary, were very freely bandied, and hot times were feared. Louis Fox was anxious to match himself against Kavanagh. Foster, or any one else, and Neil Bryant offered a bet of $500 that Foster could beat him in Rochester, in six months' time. Fox did not see it.'

Fox was not asked to 'see it!' but he now authorizes us to say that he will play Foster, Isadore Gayrand, or Deery, for any convenient sum, as soon as the surgeon, who is trying to restore the sprained wrist, will permit. He has not had a cue in his hands for several months, nor is he likely for several months to come. Those who know Louis Fox's play, and who have played with him, do not talk so 'brash' about matches. Perhaps it would be well to cite to them his record at the last tournament, at which he won the second prize, valued at $250, beating Secreiter, Foley, Estephe, Deery, Goldthwait, and beaten by Kavanagh and Tieman. He was also matched to play with Deery at Buffalo. He went there to play, but Mr. Deery failed to come to time, and forfeited, Fox 'pocketing' it. Wait awhile, gentlemen, and Mr. Fox will 'see' you all. In the meantime if you wish to make any matches, his money is ready to be put down (or up) immediately."

In regard to the "war of words" above alluded to by the *Democrat*, we would add that we too heard something to the same effect; but considered at the time, as we do now, that the badinage was the result of excitement which usually follows a contest where rivalry and emulation are largely wrought up, as they were in the late Championship match; and we doubt not that now "reason has resumed its sway," all asperities are forgotten. At least we hope so, as a division in the camp will not add to the prosperity of billiards.

BALL PLAY IN ROCHESTER.—Base Ball is looking up in Rochester, N. Y. The following is from the Rochester *Express*:—It is learned that a movement is on foot in this city to form a new base ball club, composed of (to be allowed the expression) "the cream" of the old clubs of this city. Many of our first class players are now engaged in the "grand match" against the rebellious "side," and already have made a "score" which, in after years, they will be proud to look upon. It is not at all inappropriate, though the serious matter of war is upon our hands, that physical education and the development of muscle should be engendered by indulgence in this exhilarating and pleasant exercise. It is to be hoped that those who have taken hold of this matter will do so with a zest. In view of the event, a few plain suggestions may not be amiss, and they are hereby given:—It is essential that the club be composed of *acting, paying* members, and not of the sort who never attend the business meetings—are not promptly on the field at the commencement of play, or most important of all, fail to come to time when assessed by the Treasurer their modicum of the expenses. No person should be elected to even the least important office of the Association (or in fact anything) just because he is a "pretty clever fellow," and who will not strictly carry out his duties to prevent the institution from "running down." The Treasurer and Director of a base ball or cricket club should be one and the same person; one who can be relied upon, and should be paid for his services. It is no small task to be a director of a good base ball club, to provide all the implements for field exercise, and to take care of the property of the organization. Play should be commenced always at the appointed time, and laggards should act as spectators. To avoid being a "one horse institution," at the organization meeting each charter member should subscribe $5 or $10 to make a permanent fund, and those joining afterwards should pay as an initiation fee the same sum as the original members had subscribed. An empty treasury was the cause of the failure of the best ball club ever organised in Western New York; and had that same club had the funds it would, with the stock of players it possessed, ere this have coped with some of the favorite nines of New York and vicinity.

BOATING SPORTS IN ALBANY.—The *Albany Morning Express* says: The coming season, which opens on June 1st, will, without doubt, be the most successful one we have had in some years. The main feature will be the race for the Champion Scullers' Belt. The lovers of this healthy sport have purchased a splendid silver belt, which will be rowed for on June 1st. Our young oarsmen are making great preparation for the coming contest. The belt will be placed in the hands of three trustees, who will act in accordance with a set of regulations and rules which are fair and just. It is open to all who may wish to compete for it. Mr. G. W. Shaw, the celebrated boat-builder of Newburgh, is now engaged building two splendid scull boats for gentlemen of this city. One is to be 30 feet in length, 14 inches wide, and five inches deep—weight 40 lbs. The kilson of this boat is in one hundred and sixty separate pieces. The other will be 29 feet long, 15 wide, and 5 deep—weight about 40 lbs. When they are finished, they will be two of the finest specimens of boat-building in the country. He is also overhauling the double scull "Eudora," and the single scull "Gipsey."

The coming season our fleet will consist of the following boats: One six-oared shell, two four-oared shells, three six-oared barges, one four-oared barge, two double scull lap-streaks, one double scull shell, and eight single shells. All of the above shells were built by Shaw of Newburgh, and are first-class boats.

With the above splendid fleet of boats, and our ambitious young oarsmen, we can look forward for a splendid season.

GRAND STAND.—There is now in course of erection at the Bay View Park Race Course, San Francisco, California, a stand which it is thought will equal, if not surpass anything of the kind ever constructed. The stand in question is one hundred feet in length by forty-three in width; built of frame in the most durable and elegant manner, the very best of material to be used throughout. It will be two stories in height, with a platform or balcony entirely around each story, thirteen feet in width, and there will be a gallery similar to those on the grand stands in England and France, the whole capable of accommodating thousand spectators. The bar-room on the first floor, from view from above, will be fifty feet in length, splendid style, with card and retiring rooms for gentlemen on the same floor a dining-room, twenty-five feet in length and in width, neatly arranged and well supplied, will be a pleasant feature, and a kitchen replete with every convenience in place. In the second story there will be ten parlor rooms for the use of families. These rooms will be fitted in exquisite taste, will be comfort and elegance itself, and provided with every necessary requisite. The front and sides of this splendid building are to be in rustic style; the balconies to be supported by handsome fluted columns; and in fact the whole affair will be grand and beautiful in the extreme. The building is to be finished in June; its cost will be twenty-five thousand dollars, and the furniture about twenty thousand d

THE TURF.

The Union Course, L. I.—Opening Trot of the Season—Hiram Woodruff Scores the First Victory—A Visit to Sim Hoagland's—The Grey Messenger Stock—Sale of Lady Woodruff at the Metropolitan Fair—Breeding on Long Island—The Hartford Trotting Matches.

The trotting season of 1864 on Long Island was, on Thursday, the 14th inst., formally inaugurated. As in previous years, the Union Course took the initiative, the proprietors giving a $50 purse for horses that had never before trotted in public, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. For this there were four entries—James McMann's b g Cardinal, Hiram Woodruff's br m Sally-Come-Up, Dan Mace's b g Wonderful, and Dan Pfifer's s m Ida.

Although the morning of the day was fair and pleasant, the heavy fall of rain throughout the whole of the preceding day led the majority of the regular *habitues* of the turf to believe that the track would be so heavy as necessarily to lead to a postponement of the trot. On arriving at Hiram Woodruff's, we were therefore not surprised to find but few horsemen assembled, and we accepted the old Field Marshal's invitation to take a look at his stock. Never before have his stables been so full of trotters, or himself so busy in training them for their engagements this summer. Among them we noticed the sorrel mare Lady Emma, a daughter of the Bashaw horse, Jupiter, whose victory over Jilt two years ago, on the Fashion Course, after losing the first heat, will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed "Old Honesty's" magnificent driving on that occasion. She at that time belonged to Mr. George Brown, the well known patron of aquatic sports, in Grand street in this city, but she is now the property of Mr. Lew Petty. She is engaged in a race on the Union Course, for which four other first class horses have also entered, viz., Keystone, May Queen, Lancet, and Dan Mace. It is a mile heat race, best three in five, in harness, and if the Lady is in good form on the day, we shall expect her, in the hands of her clever driver and trainer, to show her heels to most, if not all of them. Hamlet, a magnificent young bay stallion, with a superb head and neck, and an eye beaming with intelligence and fire, next attracted our attention. He is a son of Volunteer, and grandson of Hambletonian, and had only arrived in Hiram's care two days before, to be trained this season. He has no engagement at present, but we shall be much mistaken if he does not prove a Clipper, else there is no believing in good looks. The old Field Marshal must entertain a high opinion of the handsome brown gelding Dexter, or he would not have entered him for so many of the Fashion Association purses this summer. He has also a brown mare, Baby Belle, that he has entered in four races of $1000 a side each, one of them being to wagon, against Dan Pfifer's brown mare Empress, and the other three against Pfifer's Port Royal, at one, two, and three miles each. Hiram has consequently got his hands full of business, and with his brother Ike's able assistance, who is now with him, will doubtless place many a winning race to his credit before the season is over.

By this time, several familiar faces had arrived at the hotel, among them Alderman McMahon, the owner of Sally Come Up; Sim Hoagland, bluff and jovial as usual; Mr. Petty, old Bill Wheelen, and Jim McMahon, the host of Lafayette Hall, in a state of anxiety and uncertainty about his horse, Cardinal, whom he had dispatched two hours before from his stables at Hunter's Point, and had neither arrived nor been seen or heard of on the road. It leaked out that neither Dan Pfifer nor Dan Mace's entries would put in an appearance, though we didn't hear any cause assigned; probably the late unfavorable weather had stopped them in their work and prevented them getting fit for the race. Hiram and Sally Come Up were all ready, and the Cardinal soon after "showed up," the boy having taken the wrong road. Although the day was unsettled, threatening rain, and the attendance small, Mr. Shaw, the proprietor of the track, was determined that there should be no postponement or disappointment to those present, and an adjournment to the track took place. The judges were Dan Pfifer, Bishop, and "Pelham John." We did not hear a single bet made, although there were plenty of offers to back Hiram's mare or take $20 to $10 about Cardinal. Notwithstanding the great quantity of rain that had fallen, the track was in fair condition, showing the admirable absorbent nature of the soil. As might be expected, however, it was not favorable for the exhibition of fast time, being slightly holding.

First Heat. Hiram had the pole, and after four false starts the word was given at the fifth, Cardinal about half a length ahead. The latter led round the turn, but breaking on the first quarter, Hiram passed him and was two lengths ahead at the quarter pole. Going along the far side, McMann trotting fast, closed up the gap rapidly, but breaking again, gave the mare a lead of three lengths at the half mile, which was trotted in 1:25. At the draw gate Cardinal broke again, and Hiram trotted leisurely up the homestretch, winning the heat in 2:51.

Second Heat. They got the word at the second time of asking, Hiram holding in for Mac, and allowing him on sufferance to take the pole, fancying that the outside track would be harder and better suited to his mare's going. They kept close together on the first quarter, Mac gradually drawing away on the far side, and passing the half mile pole a length ahead in 1:24. On the third quarter Hiram went up, and repeating this on the homestretch just as he was catching up rapidly, Cardinal crossed the score half a dozen lengths in front in 2:51½.

Third Heat.—A good send off, Hiram with a slight lead round the first turn, and a full length at the quarter-pole in 43½ sec. McMann closed up half this distance on the second quarter, the pole of which was passed in 1:26. A good race ensued, both trotting finely, when Hiram went up, but catching again immediately, they swung into the homestretch on pretty even terms. Here Cardinal broke, and this proved fatal to his chance of the heat, as Sally-Came-up to the stand four lengths in front, in 2:52¼.

Fourth Heat.—A fair start at the first attempt, Hiram leading a half length around the first turn, and gained double the advantage at the quarter-pole. On the second quarter, Cardinal trotting squarely, diminished the lead one-half, the half mile being done in 1:26. They kept those relative positions into the straight, when Cardinal was carried off his feet, but recovering, a good race ensued, Sally eventually winning by a length, the gelding breaking and running the last twenty yards past the stand. Time 2:52¼.

SUMMARY.

UNION COURSE, L. I., April 14th, 1864.—Purse $50, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

H. Woodruff named br. m. Sally Come Up.....1 2 1 1
J. McMann named b. g. Cardinal.....2 1 2 2
Time 2:51—2:51¼—2:52¼—2:52¼.

Thus ended the first trot of the season, and a well contested one it was, for it must be remembered that neither of the horses had ever before trotted in public, and the track was at least ten seconds slower than when in good condition. Hiram has scored the first win of the season, and Mr. McMahon, who owns the mare, also commenced the season last year by winning the first trot on the Fashion Course. He celebrated the event in Champagne on returning to the hotel.

Returning homewards, we called at East New York to see our old friend, Sim Hoagland, and his famous Messenger stock. Sim, at one time, was accounted one of the best drivers on the Island, but now seldom handles the reins in public, in consequence of his good temper and genial disposition having increased his corporeal ponderosity too much. The last occasion on which we saw him, was when he drove and won with Lady Palmer against the recently deceased Columbia, to a 275 lb wagon in 4:59. It was this extraordinary performance that induced Mr. Bonner to purchase her of Sim, and the latter subsequently sold him Flatbush Maid, and thus Mr. Bonner became possessed of his present unapproachable team of flyers. Sim now devotes his attention more particularly to breeding, and his stock, although not numerous, are all first class, and of unusual excellence. The two most promising we saw, are a gray colt by Gray Messenger, whom Sim owned at the time of his death, and whose loss is still deeply regretted by all breeders of trotting stock, out of Flatbush Maid, and whom he has named "Ledger," and another of the same color out of the celebrated mare Lady Moscow, whom Sim also owns. The former is a magnificent colt, 4 years old, nearly sixteen hands high, with a great resemblance to his sire, whose loss as a stallion he is well adapted to replace. Although he has never had a watch held over him, he gives great promise of making an unusually fast trotter, and will some day, if fortunate, make his mark both on the trotting and breeding turf.

The sale of the celebrated trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, (Mr. Bonner's munificent donation to the Sanitary Commission), came off on Thursday afternoon, the 14th inst., at the Fair Grounds on Fourteenth street. The old mare was laboring under a touch of cold, but otherwise appeared in her usual lusty health, and the statement made in the advertisement of her sale, that "she is capable of trotting faster this spring than she has ever yet shown" is probably not unfounded. There were not so many persons present as we anticipated seeing, and but few familiar faces of horsemen were there. Mr. Schenck was the officiating auctioneer, and he commenced with a $1,500 bid. This was run up to $1,800, by three successive $100 bids, and no advance on that amount being offered, she was knocked down for that sum to Mr. K. B. Howard of Williamsburgh. The lucky purchaser (for he was lucky in getting her for that amount) almost immediately re-sold her to Mr. James Irving for $2,000, who owned her some few years ago, and who indeed sold her to Mr. Bonner for $3,300. She now returns into his possession for $1,300 less, and in as good, if not better condition, than she ever was in her life.

The opening day of the Fashion Course, occurs on the 19th inst. The first race is for the association purse of one hundred dollars, for horses that have never trotted in public, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The following eight horses are entered: J. F. Nodine's g. g. Pleasure Boy; H. Weed's b. g. Captain Benham; H. Woodruff's b. g. Ship-timber; J. H. Martin's br. g. Frank; D. Pfifer's br. m. Cosette; H. F. Jones' br. m. the Thomas Mare; Owner's br. g. General Grant; and R. Ogles b. g. Stonewall Jackson. Such an entry ought to produce a good race, but it is to be feared that the bad weather we have had for the last few weeks will have interfered so much with the training of trotters, that few of the above will be in condition to show on the day announced. Rumor has been busy for some time past respecting Horace Jones' entry, the Thomas mare, who is reported to be very fast. He has entered her in five of the Fashion Association purses, so that it is evident he has a high opinion of her merits. We hear that Tunis Durland has matched John Mead's gray horse against George C. Hall's Robin, mile heats, three in five, for $500 a side; Meade's horse to go in harness and Robin in wagon, and the race to come off the first Tuesday in May, on the Union Course, provided the track is at liberty on that day. Sim Hoagland is stake holder.

Since Sam Perkins got possession of the Hartford Track, trotting in that locality seems to have received a powerful impulse in the right direction. The first match on this track comes off on the 13th of May, and is between two three year old colts owned by H. C. Beckwith and Sam Perkins himself. It is for $500, mile heats, best three in five. The next is for $5,000, between H. C. Beckwith's famous horse Prince, who has trotted his mile on the Fashion track in 2:24, and J. Meade's sorrel Dan, mile heats, best three in five; Prince to go in harness and sorrel Dan under saddle. Mr. Beckwith has also matched Prince against the renowned trotter John Morgan, for $2,500 aside, mile heats, three in five, in harness, to come off on the 3d of June. As John Morgan is owned by the same gentleman as Sorrel Dan, it is agreed that whosoever loses the match between Prince and Sorrel Dan, shall have the privilege of naming the course for the Morgan trot. The latter horse is now training on the Fashion Course. Mr. Beckwith, the owner of Prince, is a gentleman of immense wealth, belonging to Hartford, partial to the amusements of the turf, and possessing a stable of fast trotters that cannot easily be beaten. In fact, he has publicly offered to match five of his horses, of which Prince and General Meade are two, against any other five trotting horses in the United States, all belonging to the same owner, for ten thousand dollars, the races each to be mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Sam Perkins offers to match his celebrated black stallion, Young Morrell, against General Meade, for $2,500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. If accepted, such a match would prove a most exciting one, as both horses are known to be very fast.

It is a matter of general surprise and comment among horsemen that, notwithstanding the high prices which young trotting stock command in the market, the breeders on Long Island cannot be induced to select any sires to put their mares to except those whose services are placed at the very lowest price. They prefer breeding from a horse whose pedigree is doubtful or probably totally unknown, and who possesses many serious objections as a sire, whose fee is five or ten dollars, to one whose pedigree is pure and unexceptionable in every respect, and who has himself shown speed, endurance and excellence of the highest order, but for whose services twenty-five or fifty dollars is charged. We have known instances where pedigrees of Long Island stallions have been manufactured to order, yet they have been very successful in getting mares, owing to the low price at which they stand, while such a horse as Jupiter, by Long Island Black Hawk, whose pedigree runs straight up to Grand Bashaw himself, and of whose get the slashing Lady Emma is a good specimen, was comparatively neglected when he stood at Snedikor's by the breeders of Long Island. While we acknowledge that to breed first rate stock, good mares are indispensible, yet we cannot expect to have any young ones worth rearing and training, unless good, well bred sires are selected. It is this bad practice on the part of breeders that causes such high bred horses as Lightning, by Andrew Jackson, and Nomination, by Wild Irishman, out of a dam which combined both the Bashaw and the Messenger strains of blood, to be neglected and unemployed as stud horses. Nomination's sire was by Glencoe, an imported English thoroughbred, who was descended in a direct line from King Herod, one of the richest and purest fountains of blood in the British stud book. The advantages of breeding trotting stock from a thoroughbred sire and half-bred dam is conspicuously evident in the case of Mr. Bonner's flying mare, Lady Palmer, who was by Glencoe (Nomination's grandsire), out of a half-bred dam. The high prices which such stock would inevitably command, would amply repay the breeder for the expense of employing the services of such well bred stallions, as well as improving the breed of the trotting stock.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " .....5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 1-tf

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has made many new improvements in his popular
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No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 41-tf

ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 East Houston street.---JOHN DWYER, Proprietor. Mr. Dwyer hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that he has taken possession of the above elegant Saloon, famous for its superior Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and hopes by civility and courteousness to merit the continued patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EXTRA NOTICE.—Private Instruction in the Art of Boxing. 1-5t*

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1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

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Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
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as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
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Best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.
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JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this sporting hostelry, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Public Sparring every Saturday evening.
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GREAT DOG FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.---Pat Carroll's dog, "Young Boney," and Hughy Riley's dog, "Sirus," fight in Philadelphia on May 5 (day after Harris and Marley's fight), at 34 lbs., for $200. A good time is anticipated in Old Filly. 1-2t*

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OR,
ORACLE OF THE RING.

The present Edition contains the Results of all the PRIZE FIGHTS that have taken place in GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES from the year 1700 to January 1st, 1864, Alphabetically arranged and in Chronological order.

In addition to the contents of the London Edition this volume will contain full and authentic Reports of the Fights between TOM HYER AND YANKEE SULLIVAN; MORRISSEY AND JOHN C. HEENAN; TOM SAYERS AND JOHN C. HEENAN, and TOM KING AND HEENAN—thus forming a perfect Cyclopedia of all affairs connected with the Ring in both Hemispheres. The volume, with the additions mentioned above, will be DOUBLE the size of the English addition. BUT A LIMITED NUMBER WILL BE PUBLISHED.

PRICE $1.75 PER VOLUME, SENT FREE BY POST, ON RECEIPT BY THE PUBLISHERS,
YOUDALE & BROTHERTON,
2-2t 37 Chatham street, cor. North William, New York.

WALTER FIELDS, the Favorite Sentimental Vocalist, gives his FIRST GRAND CONCERT IN BROOKLYN, ON FRIDAY EVENING, the 22d, at UNION HALL, cor. of Division avenue and Clymer street. Tickets 25 cents. 2-1t*

COBURNIANA.

MACE'S REPLY DAILY EXPECTED.

We have little news to give our readers concerning the anticipated great pugilistic trial of skill between the Champions of the Old World and the New, but the excitement is none the less great, for wherever we go, whether in a sporting drum, among the pretty waiters, or at a temperance meeting, it is the talk of the town. Both gladiators have their upholders and deprecators, and as they are more alike than any two men who ever doffed a shirt to engage in a match game at pummeling, the arguments are warm on both sides. Letters of inquiry concerning this or that man's gameness come to us from all sources, and in bar-rooms it is not an uncommon thing to hear their courage impugned by parties who, were they ever placed in similar positions, would *never* stop running. In regard to Coburn's grit, we have witnessed him on two or three occasions, cornered, and in a very tight place, surrounded by parties red hot for mischief, but never saw him show the first symptoms of fear, where many another man would have shook like a leaf.

Coburn made out capitally in Boston, and looks like a race horse—his friends say that they never saw him in better feufe, which is a sign that he thoroughly understands his gigantic undertaking, and is therefore taking the best care of himself. Mace we know not to be a drinking man, or in the habit of nocturnal carousals, so that he is as fine as a fiddle all the time, and the Zingaree fiddler having gone through the mill so often, his training will not come so hard on him. It is not yet decided about Coburn's benefit in Philadelphia, but we would throw out the hint to Master Joe, that if he wans to make hay while the sun shines, there's no time to be lost, as a month flies away before a man hardly knows it. We presume he intends to visit Baltimore and Washington, and perhaps one or two more places, and so, allowing only a week from one to the other, it will be well on in May, and time to be getting ready to star. We expect a reply from Mace in time for publication in next week's CLIPPER, and have no doubt that every thing will be favorable.

Coburn has been negotiating for the [illegible] Hippotheatron, in which to give his farewell [illegible] city, and as, by the time he is ready to go, th[illegible] losed, we see nothing in the way to hinder it.

The Champion's Belt is now all finished, and will probably be presented to him some evening the current week at one of our city theatres.

THE MARLEY AND HARRIS MATCH.

THE LAST DEPOSIT AT COBURN'S.

The last deposit but one between Patsy Marley and Dooney Harris, of fifty dollars a side, eventuated at Reddy the Blacksmith's, on Tuesday, the 12th instant; when the restaurant was overflowing with the respective friends and admirers of the gladiators. Those who thought one or the other would forfeit are altogether out of their reckoning, although with one party, we understand, there's been hard scratching to get the dimseys together. Jimmy Elliott has got Dooney in a pretty good fix, and Pat Murphy is particularly anxious to have his maiden attempt at training in the New World reflect credit on himself and the bold Patsy Marley. The recent wet spell has prevented their doing o'er much walking and rowing

Over the water and over the lea,
Over the hills to Charley Moore's;

but they have performed plenty of hard work in doors, and are both looking as well as can be expected.

The ninth and last deposit of fifty dollars must be tabled at Joe Coburn's, 113 Grand street, this evening, April 19, between 8 and 9 P. M., and we may look for a merry time of it. Dooney Harris fights at catch weight, while Marley confines himself to 141 lbs., and they weigh the morning before the fight (May 3) at Aaron & Riley's, 202 Centre street.

MULLING BY MOONLIGHT.—On the 21st of February, says a Reese River paper, the denizens of Austin, Nevada Territory, were disturbed from their slumbers by a great hubbub in the neighborhood of Main and Cedar streets. It appears that an Irisher and a Britisher, who had some hard feelings towards each other, met in a diving bell, and the old grudge was revived. Not wishing to have trouble in a good man's house, they agreed to settle it outside according to the CLIPPER doctrine, and thereupon immediately adjourned to the street, when Mac Waterhouse was selected by the Englishman as his second, and George Loney by the Irishman, and after the preliminaries had been gone through with, the mauling commenced at about twelve o'clock. Twenty-one rounds were fought, and for a long time the battle was very hotly contested, both giving and receiving hard knocks, and showing no signs of yielding; but Johnny Bull's endurance was too much for Irish grit, and victory decided in favor of the Englishman. It is claimed, however, that the result was entirely owing to the instructions Mac gave his man on the twenty-first round, "to feint with his left, take one step back, and give an upper cut with his right." This direction was followed, and gained the fight. Both men were severely punished. A large crowd witnessed the contest, many being present in dishabille, not taking time to dress themselves when they jumped out of bed to see what was going on. This is much better than shooting on sight, and we hope it will in future be more emulated by our brethren on the Pacific slope.

OFF AGAIN FOR THE WARS.—Michael Reagan, "Dublin Mike," who has been on furlough for some time, returned to his regiment, the 56th Pennsylvania, last week, for the express purpose of being on hand when Richmond is taken. So says Mike.

LEFT TOWN.—Billy McLean has packed up his goods and chattels and left the city for Philadelphia. His health is none of the best, but when he recruits up a little he may give some of our big guns a fight for money.

THE ALBANY SIEGE.—Our sporting friends were around Albany pretty lively last week. A friend just returned from there says that on one afternoon he met on State street the following named sports: Joe Coburn, Mike Norton, Mike Brady, Jim Coburn, Bobby Riley, Barney Aaron, Billy Donnelly, and many others. How are you, subs?

KEHOE'S DONATION TO THE SANITARY FAIR.—Mr. S. D. Kehoe has just had finished three handsome sets of Indian clubs, 8, 10, and 12 pounds each, and three pairs of lignum vitæ dumb bells, 4, 6 and 8 pounds, and presented them, through Messrs. Treadwell & Jarman, to the Commissioners of the Sanitary Fair. They are of superior quality and workmanship, and are on exhibition in the firemen's department.

SOME OTHER FELLOW.—Jack Turner, of Boston, informs us that the up-river George Baker is not the one who fought Bob Travers, Winn, Crockett, and others. Jack and Dooney Harris have both sparred with and seen Baker of Chatham fight, and they pronounce the other Baker a fraud.

THE DALY AND DAVIS MATCH.—Everything looks rosy for the culmination of the great $2,000 match between Patsy Daly and Bill Davis, of Virginia City. Bill Davis was at Austin on the 13th ult., and gave an exhibition there. Billy Dwyer will train Daly, and Harry Gribben has sold out his place in California to train Davis, if he can get the job.

GOOD FOR BILLY.—Billy O'Neil, the Irish comedian, recently presented a handsome silver goblet to the best sparrer at Billy Dwyer's benefit in San Francisco one Sunday evening in March, and the same was won by Tom Daley who sparred with Dwyer.

COBURN AND HIS VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.—Jim Cusick has been on a visit to Philadelphia, engineering for a suitable place for Joe Coburn to give his farewell benefit there. So far, he has not made out pretty good, as one of the music hall or theatre proprietors wanted $300 and half the receipts of the house before they would let it for a sparring benefit. Well may Cusick exclaim, O Tempora! O Mores! Under these circumstances, if they don't come down in their price, it is a doubtful matter whether Coburn will appear there unless as a special feature at one of the theatres. He would be very foolish to pay any such sum as that asked for any theatre unless he himself was anxious to lose, instead of make money; and Joseph is not the man to do that. If he does not appear there it will be a great disappointment to his friends.

THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—That belt for Joe Coburn, gotten up by Ball, Black & Co., is now entirely finished, and will be formally presented to him some evening this week. It is said to be a "ripper" by those who have seen and handled it. It would'nt be a bad idea for some of our theatre folks to have the presentation take place from the stage, and the public to be made aware of the fact a day or two beforehand. This method would be a big card for the theatre, and give it the importance which it merits, as he is soon to leave the land of his adoption to uphold the honor and courage of the American Prize Ring. Let the Belt Committee see that this is done.

THE BOSS DOWN AGAIN.—Tom Hyer was very low all last week, and for two nights he wasn't expected to recover, but on Sunday evening he rallied and was able to sit up in bed. His friend Ned Wilson is very attentive to the Chief, and visits him frequently.

OPENING SUNDAY IN WEEHAWKEN.—In anticipation of a fine Sunday, the Weehawken burghers got in a good stock of lager and things on the 17th, and met with a good reward. Ned Wilson's summer residence, "The Ruins," was literally besieged the live long day by fair women and brave men, and great was Weehawken last Sunday.

A NIGHT OF SONG IN EAST BROOKLYN.—Walter Fields, one of the sweetest singing birds of the free and easies, intends giving the people of Brooklyn a treat in the way of vocalism on Friday, the 22d. The concert comes off at Union Hall, corner of Division Avenue and Clymer street, and many of the musical talent of New York will lend their presence and chirrup some of their best melodies.

THE WIDOW PHILLIPS' BENEFIT.—A party of gentlemen are busily engaged in completing the arrangements for this praiseworthy object, and by the latter part of the week the bills are expected to be out.

THE HALL ENGAGED FOR JIM HEENAN'S TESTIMONIAL.—According to the earnest solicitation of his friends and the friends of his brother, together with the sporting fraternity at large, James Heenan has very sensibly concluded to get up an entertainment similar to the grand variety show given a few weeks ago, and the City Assembly Rooms have been engaged for the purpose, on Thursday, the 28th inst. We shall be able to give all particulars by next week. Jim Heenan's name has been so prominent in England as a first class sparrer that everybody is anxious to see what he can do. We believe he is willing to spar the best, regardless of size, and those who have seen him perform say he's lightning.

CON FITZGERALD NOT SHOT.—It was rumored all over the city last week that Con Fitzgerald, the boxer, had been shot through the head by a policeman on the corner of Broadway and Eighth street, but we are able to state that no such thing occurred. Con had a little difficulty with one of our city guardians, and the clubbist is said to have operated somewhat on Cornele's figure-head, but that's all. We are glad it was no worse for both parties.

ALL ABOUT PATSY MARLEY.—The dancing gladiator has left Joe Cooke's and gone to the Flushing Hotel, kept by John Jenkins, near the Fashion Course, where he intends finishing his work, of which he has considerable yet to do to reduce him to the proper weight. There has been a mutual agreement entered into whereby the naming of the place of fighting is to be given to the Spartan band at Marley's own house, "The Rising Sun," 68 Oliver street, three or four days previous to the fight, instead of at the last deposit. Patsy will have his colors out the Sunday before the fight, and will be home that day all day to receive visits. He feels "like a mice," and is taking good care of himself.

JOE COBURN'S BENEFIT IN PHILADELPHIA ON THE 20TH.—The American Champion started for Philadelphia on Monday evening, and arrangements have now been completed for him to give his grand farewell in that city on Wednesday, the 20th. From Philadelphia, Coburn goes to Pittsburgh, and will probably honor St. Louis with a visit. Jim Cusick and Jim Dunn will accompany him.

DOONEY HARRIS, now matched to fight Patsy Marley, takes a benefit at the Stuyvesant Institute on Monday, the 25th. All the talent will assist.

FOOT RACE AT GREENPOINT.—A foot race for $100 a side, between John Harrison, of Brooklyn, and a Williamsburgh sprint runner named Printey, came off on Monday afternoon, 18th inst., at Greenpoint. There was a large number of persons present, the race creating considerable interest among the sports of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. Harrison has for a long time past enjoyed a high reputation in private as a fast runner, while his opponent has run in public two or three times with varied success. There was a good deal of betting on the race, Harrison being the favorite. They got off well together at the first attempt, and a close race ensued for the first fifty yards, when Printey shot ahead and won the race easily, Harrison falling down before half the distance was run. The race was not timed.

QUOIT MATCH.—A match at Quoits came off at Louisville on the 14th inst., between Billy Westwood, of Louisville, Ky., and Patsy Sheridan, of St. Louis, for a Purse—distance pitched 9 yards. Sheridan led off with two points, and led Westwood all the way through, ending 5 points ahead. There was a large crowd of spectators to witness the game, and the excitement was intense, both men having many friends on the ground. Westwood was considered invincible by his friends, but although he met with defeat his friends are ready to back him against Sheridan for another trial of their skill at quoiting. They will also back him to run a foot race against J. Hodgets, of Newport, Ky., one hundred yards distance, to start by report of pistol.

MATCH BETWEEN TWO RAT DOGS.—Morris Broomall has matched his slut "Ross," to kill ten rats in less time than Enoch Hill's slut "Kittie" can kill eighteen, for $50, which (the money and not the dogs and rats) has been deposited in the hands of Old Rocks, otherwise known as Jack Stone, who is also to be referee. As one slut belongs to Kentucky and the other to Ohio, there promises to be some excitement when it comes off.

AQUATIC CHALLENGE.—I, William H. Stevens, of Poughkeepsie, will row James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, a five mile race, on the Poughkeepsie track, any time between this date and the 1st of July next, for the sum of $500, and allow him $100 for expenses to come to this city. A good day and a fair track.
WILLIAM H. STEVENS.

FIVE MILES IN EIGHT MINUTES were flown by a pigeon at a sweepstakes contended for on March 29th, near Birmingham, Eng.

SPECTRE BOB,

OR,

A Legend of Gotham.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BOOTHROYD FAIRCLOUGH.

Up town, near by a nob so grand,
Bold butcher Bob did dwell, sir,
Who like a fool, at his demand,
Gave credit to the swell, sir.

This nob, alas! he came it strong
With 'ristocrats' persistence,
The bills they grew so 'tarnal long,
They shorten'd Bob's existence!

In vain he curs'd and tore his hair,
And soak'd his hide in rum, sir,
To all his ravings of despair,
The gent was deaf and dumb, sir!

Of all this big Bug's monstrous debt
For many a monstrous roast, sir,
Ghost of a cent he could not get,
So Bob gave up the ghost, sir!

And, now the house, as I've heard tell,
Was quite a nobby mansion;
Within which our gallant swell
Indulged in his expansion!

And news had spread both far and wide,
This domicile was haunted;
That ghost of some one, who had died,
From other worlds had slanted.

And in the parlor, gaunt and grim,
Would stalk and take a chair, sir;
And when you got a glance at him,
He'd coolly sit and glare, sir!

And fearful noises had been heard,
And fearful deeds been done, sir;
And what to some seem'd quite absurd,
To others was no fun, sir!

This ghost seemed not of lineage high,
Nor gentle in his mien, sir,
He wore his hat cock'd o'er his eye,
In which looked nothing green, sir!

Some friends, within this haunted pile,
Met here to meet his frown, sir,
Gents, whom ghosts could not beguile,
Nor spirits could knock down, sir!

The only spirits that they fear'd
Were spirits that were weak, sir,
So when this special ghost appear'd,
They'd make the villain speak, sir!

And tell what 'twas that ril'd him thus,
And what had gone amiss, sir,
And why he stalk'd and made a muss
In such a house as this, sir!

Around the table gather'd they,
Within the parlor haunted,
All bright and brisk with laughter gay,
To show the spunk they vaunted!

Thus, as everything went well,
Behold, the ghost had come, sir!
One thought he smelt a sulph'ry smell,
Another thought 'twas rum, sir!

There stood the goblin, fierce and dread,
His look had nothing tender,
He wore his hat cock'd on his head,
Like Mose upon a bender!

With monstrous strides he march'd upon
This brave devoted band, sir,—
His strides, in fact, were only one!—
And clench'd his dexter hand, sir!

Each felt, among this gallant folk,
A buzzing in his head, sir,
At length, the ghost the silence broke,
And this was what he said, sir—

"T'se butcher Bob, ye cheating crew!
And here's the calves I'll slaughter,
And when your carcases I'se slew,
I'll skin them, as I'orter!"

Up jump'd these gents and out they fled,
And then, sir, I've a notion,
Each work'd his heels to save his head
From violent commotion!

"Well, darn their pictur!" muttered he,
When he was left alone, sir,
"If they be gone, 'tis time for me
To clear out and begone, sir!"

And then he took a final glare
Around the parlor haunted,
And winking at his fav'rite chair,
The spectre, sir, he slanted!

LATER FOREIGN SPORTS.

THE LATE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGHT

BETWEEN

J. C. HEENAN AND TOM KING.

The trial of these famous pugilists, with a number of others, was fixed to take place at Lewes, Sussex, on April 5, so that in our next we shall be able to give the result. In alluding thereto, *Bell's Life* of April 2, says:—"Our readers know that the parties concerned in the fight between King and Heenan were remanded till the April Sessions at Lewes, and that efforts were made by ourselves and others to persuade them to remove their case by certiorari into the Queen's Bench, the expenses of which proceeding were to have been defrayed by a subscription among the Corinthians, towards which upwards of £80 were placed in our hands. All efforts to bring about the trial in London, however, failed, owing to the obstinacy of Sayers, Heenan and Macdonald, all of whom preferred taking their chance at Lewes. Owing to this determination, the gentlemen who subscribed for the express purpose of trying the question in London have demanded their money back or applied it to charitable purposes. There is, therefore, no fund to defray the expenses of the defence at Lewes. Jerry Noon informs us that King, whom he seconded, has left him in the lurch, and he has not received one shilling from him or his friends to help him in the scrape in which he only involved himself for their sakes. Several other sufferers who were anxious to come to London are in the same category.

COVENTRY PUGILISTS IN TROUBLE.—Carpenter and Lamb and ten others were summoned to appear at Solihull on April 2, to answer for their share in the pugilistic contest on Saturday, March 19.

A GALLANT MILL.—On Wednesday, March 30th, young Vickers and Compton (two novices) met near Coventry, at catch weight, for 20 sovs. The lads were backed respectively from the same houses as Carpenter and Lamb. Compton is a burly customer of some nineteen summers, standing 5ft. 7in., and weighing on the present occasion about 9st. 6lb. Vickers, though in his twenty-second year, is a mere stripling in comparison, stands 5ft. 5in., and his fighting weight not more than 7st. 8lt. Both had actively trained, and were in fine fettle. The toss for choice of place having been won by Vickers, he named Whitley Common. At seven o'clock the destination was reached, and, early as it was, the "blues" were there first, and sent the party back. At an adjourned meeting, it was agreed to try again in the same quarter, and this clever ruse threw the indefatigable "hobbies" off the scent, and as early as half-past ten the lads stepped within the cords. Both had professional talent to assist them, and, when they stood up for

Round 1, there was a great disparity in their size and development; Compton completely overtopped his antagonist, who, nevertheless, was brimful of confidence, and the pretty style in which he sparred for an opening proved he was clever on his legs, &c. Compton led off with his left, but was short; the next time he landed slightly. Vickers cross-countered with the right on the left eye, and an ugly bump got up on the instant. They now fought

THE RIVAL SINGERS;

OR,

Who got Dosed?

Mr. S. was for some years the principal singer, for want of a better, in the Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans. He had a very pretty ballad singing voice, and he answered very well for the Captain Somervilles, in farces, and the singing heroes in melodramas. Mr. L. was this season engaged also, as a singer. He had a thundering voice, and what he lacked in musical skill he more than made up in impudence and assurance.

The actors, with one accord, determined to set these vocalists by the ears. By retailing to each the pretended sayings of the other, in a few weeks they began to treat each other coldly, and presently they dropped all intercourse. From the time they ceased to speak to or recognize each other, it took but a very short period to make them deadly foes, and many were the threats made on both sides. When they had got their jealousy and hatred excited to the proper pitch, it was agreed that a regular "blow up" between the two should end the joke. It had been a part of the system to make them believe that there was a great excitement *in the town* about the talents of the two rivals. One night, having learned in the box office that the farce of the "Sprigs of Laurel; or, the Rival Soldiers" was to constitute a part of the entertainment for a holiday night, I went into the green-room, where the two vocal heroes were sitting, and addressed one of the principal performers thus—pretending not to see the two *Captains*, as we called them: "This excitement about the two singers has grown to such an alarming extent that the manager has determined to have a trial of skill between them, and the one who loses is to be discharged." The vocalists pricked up their ears. Captain S. was incredulous at first, but C. was caught at once. "Vell, *I'm* ready any time. *I* ain't afraid to meet the *gentleman* that vay, or *any other!*" He here cast a most killing look at his rival, who was Adonising before the large green-room mirror. "What piece is selected for the occasion, and when is the trial to take place?" asked old Henderson, always in the front rank of jokers. "The 'Rival Soldiers,' I believe, is the piece, and the 8th of January is selected as the most *appropriate* day for the contest," answered I. Just at that moment, as if to confirm my story, the call-boy entered, and wafered up a cast of the very piece spoken of, with Mr. S. set down for the character of Sinclair, and Mr. C. for that of Lennox. This settled the matter in their minds—there was no joke in it, for the manager never joked. The songs were selected—rehearsals gone through, and the glorious 8th arrived. The house was crammed, as it always was on that anniversary, and the bets ran high among the actors, as to the result of the trial of skill.

For the purpose of clearing their voices, C. provided a large orange—and S. had procured some mixture in a four ounce phial. The mischievous actors contrived to fill C.'s orange with *snuff*—and to substitute *pepper vinegar*, from an oyster stand, for S.'s mixture in the phial. The moment arrived when their fate was to be decided by the impatient public.

The two *singers* were looking askance at each other in the glass with no way friendly eyes, when the call-boy bawled out at the door,—"Sinclair and Lennox—all the go!"—Away went the rival soldiers—but before mounting the steps which led to the stage, each hastened to his dressing room, to take a last "clearer" of his throat—a lick of the orange and a portion of the pepper vinegar. They met at the steps which led to the stage. The vinegar and the snuff began to be tasted. "Vat the 'ell 'ave you been putting 'into my 'orange?" bellowed out the actor. "What d—d stuff have you put in my phial? I'm poisoned"—replied S. "By G—d," continued C., "I'll pay you ven I come off 'off the stage!" Here the prompter's voice was heard exclaiming, "The stage is waiting for Lennox and Sinclair." Away they went and met on the stage as *friends*, though their side glances were anything but amicable. The cue for S.'s song was given to the orchestra; and, after clearing his throat as well as he could, he began, interlining the lines of the poet with some expressions of his own—thus:

"Oh, my love is like the red, red rose,
That sweetly springs in June—
[Just want to I'd catch you out of doors, that's all.]
My love is like the melody
[I'll be d—d—if I don't lay a cane upon your back.]
That sweetly plays in tune;
[I believe it's poison.]
And I will love my bonnie lass,
[My throat's all raw.]
So deep in love am I;
[Oh, you big-mouthed villain.]
That I will love thee still, my dear,
[I can't stand it.]
Though all the seas gang dry.
[I shall choke.]
Though all the seas gang dry, my dear,
Though all the seas gang dry;
[Can't somebody get me a glass of water.]
And I will love thee still, my dear,
[I can't sing the second verse.]
Though all the seas gang dry."

Lennox C.'s turn—the snuff began to make him dismount.

"March to the battle field,
[I'll fight you by G—d.]
The foe is now before us;
[Ugh! I will—I'll be d—d if I don't.]
Each heart is freedom's shield,
[I confound the snuff, I shall throw up.]
And heaven is smiling o'er us.
[Look out young man, you've gets off the stage.]
The woes and pains—
[Ugh! my stomach.]
the galling chains—
[It's worse than the poison you talk about.]
That keeps my spirit under,
[I think a drop of something would 'elp me.]
We will drain our dearest veins,
[You bloody rascal, you.]
To break our bonds asunder,
[I'll break your 'infernal 'ead.]
March to the battle field, etc."

Their *side speeches* to each other, while going on with their *friendly dialogue*, were equally amusing; but the above is a fair specimen of the whole scene. When they came off the stage, we all expected a regular set-to; but no how or other their anger died away, as the effect of the snuff and vinegar ceased to be felt,—and the next evening they exchanged mutual pledges of their innocence in regard to the "*oath*," as the Doctor termed it, and became excellent friends for the remainder of the season, and sung in concert ever after.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN AND DEPRAVED WANTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY S. S. B.

[illegible]A was a fond, trusting, joyous and beautiful maiden. [illegible] sparkling eyes, ripe lips, rosy cheeks and happy [illegible]e, attracted all who came within the influence of her [illegible]rms. Her swelling limbs, voluptuous bust and white [illegible]t caused a strange, thrilling, unrecognized feeling of [illegible]surable intoxication among the honest lads of her acquaintance; while her freshness, purity and innocence [illegible] the theme of every tongue.

[illegible]nawed by purity and beauty, a smooth-tongued de[illegible]ver came, and with fiend-like composure of calculat[illegible]alsehood succeeded in gaining her love—a vague, [illegible]my, all-absorbing feeling. With entire confidence, she [illegible]idolized him. Under the influence of his power, the [illegible], damning force of his will, she did not refuse him.

[illegible] was ended. The evidences of her passionate [illegible]me apparent, and society discarded her. Now [illegible]hunned, scorned and despised; forced too soon [illegible]r lost, forever damned condition.

[illegible]pper tier of one of our theatres the scene was [illegible]t, rendered more so by contrast with the beauty, [illegible]respectability and intelligence of the boxes, circle, parquet below. One of the most noisy, reckless [illegible]ingly experienced was Ida. The painted, whis[illegible]nmed wantons, with bare arms and disgustingly [illegible]ed dresses, swearing and fondling; the coarse, [illegible] roughs; the curious, half-frightened country[illegible] apparently respectable men, with, doubtless, [illegible] loving wives and interesting children at home, [illegible]t in lewd badinage with the miserable, short-lived [illegible]; the saloon whose bar and lounges were filled [illegible]-clad, shameless women, and vile, degraded men; [illegible] a perfect pandemonium of loathsome bestiality, [illegible]d depravity.

[illegible]re invariably sooner or later brings the transgres[illegible]an account. Ida, once pure and chaste as an angel, [illegible]oving and trusting as only woman can be, then cast [illegible]cause she trusted and was deceived, to become the [illegible]ss street-walker and friendless courtezan, now lies [illegible]ne[illegible]ed of death, alone and neglected. Although [illegible]ung, her brow was wrinkled, her cheeks fleshless [illegible]nken, her limbs thin and wasted. Suffering, mental [illegible]ysical, had changed her into a mere shadow of her [illegible]self. A few short years ago she was pure and [illegible]; now she is—dead.

[illegible]laughter, the black[illegible]les in the dissect[illegible]on a table, and [illegible]of the marvel[illegible]ting his own

[illegible]an man, [illegible]ected

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS MADELAINE HENRIQUES.

The subject of our sketch for this week was born in New York city in 1841, and is of Jewish descent. Her father, Mr. Moses Henriques, was a well known merchant in this city about six years ago, and for awhile imported a large quantity of cigars from Havana. His place of business was in William street near Wall. It was at this period that our heroine resolved to adopt the stage as a profession, and accordingly made her first appearance on any public stage December 3d, 1860, at Wallack's Old Theatre, corner of Broome and Broadway, during the last season of the veteran's management of that establishment.

The piece chosen for her *debut* was entitled "The Model Hypocrite," a translation from the French of "Lady Tartuffe," and in its French form was played in the Academy, in this city, by Rachel, but as she had no great fancy for the *role*, never repeated it. The play at Wallack's had a short life and not particularly a merry one. The fact about the matter was, that the play was not suited either to the actors or the audience. So it went down to an early grave, unwept, unknown and unsung. Miss Henriques appeared as Jeannette. She was rapturously received, and wore, as a *debutante*, the honors of the house. She had made several appearances in private theatricals, and her case on this occasion indicated that such must have been the case. She phased from the very first, and manifested more ease, aplomb, and acquaintance with the stage requirement than we have ever before seen in a *debutante*.

Of all the young ladies who have come out for the past ten years, few, very few, of them have been accepted by the public and made a popular favorite. This would seem to warrant the dictum of the theatre, that acting is an art which must be studied earnestly and practised diligently, and that the beginner should not attempt the highest rank by murdering the most important characters. All of which is most respectfully submitted. It is altogether impersonal—does not mean anybody in the world. In our time we have seen a great many of that peculiar class of young women who believe they have a call to gush in white satin or book muslin on the stage. We have been through it all. The dramatic fever is an epidemic among the fair, and its return may be counted upon at intervals of two years or thereabouts. It first appears in a mild form, that of amateur theatricals; if the patient take them easy, the crisis may be considered as over. All she requires is new milk, pickles, and a light dose of flirtation, when she will most probably worry through. But if the disease seems to be deep-rooted and all palliatives fail, it is as well to try the actual cautery and let her "come out."

Miss Henriques has continued a member of Mr. Wallack's company from the night of her *debut* up to the present time, and has become one of the greatest favorites of the company. She is an artist of extraordinary powers, and extraordinary promise. Girlish in appearance, medium height, and slight in figure, hair dark and fine, complexion pure and white, features pleasing, though by no means strongly marked, and nose with just the faintest suspicion of the piquant and saucy. She is undeniably handsome, and what is of far more importance, is easy and graceful. Before she utters a single note, she has advanced far into the good graces of her auditory. So fair and fragile—eyes soft and lustrous, and a smile in which joyousness of heart and a tender melancholy seem marvellously mingled—and shrinking from the observation of the house, with a girlish and graceful timidity, our heroine exercises a fascination which even the hardest critic cannot withstand. Her voice is very musical and skilfully modulated; her enunciation distinct and accurate. Henriques is a young artist. She wants encouragement—she certainly merits it. To mature her powers she is probably in the best theatre in the country. Her beauty—her artless fascination of manner—and her remarkable qualities as an actress, place her far above many of our self-styled stars, who are now illuminating the dramatic firmament.

THE LONE AUDIENCE;

OR,

How King Lear was Played on a Cold Night.

The readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER can probably appreciate a "rich thing" about as well as any other class of people, whether it be fact or fiction. We therefore present them with the following report of an extraordinary theatrical performance, and extravagant as it may appear, it is the relation of an actual occurrence which took place in Montgomery, Alabama, in the severe winter of 1835:

It was a cold February night, and there was an audience of *one*. The play was King Lear, and there was no 'back out' in the manager. The individual who composed the audience had exposed himself in the pit, and he was ashamed to 'back out' too, though it was evident he was in an uncommon "fix" and would gladly have been any where else than where he was. Up drew the curtain, and on walked the natural son and unnatural brother, Edmund.

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," &c.,

commenced the actor; and so proceeded in his twenty line soliloquy about half way, when he suddenly stopped, and walking forward to the foot lights, addressed the *audience*, who, as will be seen, was an old man and intimate acquaintance.

"Jack, I am sorry to see the house so very uncomfortably crowded, and as it seems impossible for you to obtain a seat, I hope you will go home immediately."

"O never mind," said the *audience*, "I am quite comfortable, and I beg you will not put yourself out on my account. Tell the other ladies and gentlemen, old King Lear and the rest, to come on, for I am a liberal and enlightened *audience* I assure you, and have an especial devotion for Shakespeare." Saying which, the *audience* took his stick and gave himself a unanimous round of applause.

The actor, though a bold and facetious fellow, had broken through the rules of the theatre as far as he thought well of for the time, and with a laugh and a wink at his friend, *the audience*, he went on and completed his soliloquy.

The play progressed. The whole company was in receipt of full salaries, and the manager had been suffering a severe run of bad luck; so, his policy being never to dismiss an audience of even *one*, the company, however disagreeable the duty to act under such circumstances, had neither right or inclination to thwart his wishes. This consideration, however, could not keep down the facetious spirit of the comedians, and, as a natural consequence, the exquisite tragedy was transformed into about the richest burlesque that was ever enacted upon any stage. Through the two first acts the actors kept within tolerable bounds, hoping the *audience* would get sick and dismiss himself, but he was too wide awake for that; he was an old familiar among the players, and, seeing the fun brewing, he heroically kept his seat in the middle of the pit. Between the acts he amused himself calling out 'boots,' 'physic,' introducing also the elegant variations of whistling, stamping, crunching peanuts, and imitating all the customary sounds of a crowded auditory.

The third act opened and advanced, and scarcely a line was spoken that was not perverted so as to furnish glorious matter for a book of comic illustrations. The wag of an audience abandoned himself heart and soul to the sport, now joining in a word with the actors, and again applauding with his stick and disporting himself in ecstacies of laughter.

"Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare-footed thing as thou art!" said tottering Lear, looking at and pointedly addressing the jolly individual in the pit. Presently afterward mad Edgar exclaimed, "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew and walks till the second cock!" &c., pointing directly at the same good humored worshipper of the drama.

"Stop, stop the play," said the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, be kind enough to wait a few moments till I go to the bar and get a little warm winter beverage."

"Peace, Smollet; peace, thou foul fiend!" roared poor mad Tom, adding "I say, Jack, let it be for two while you're about it!"

In the fourth act a black boy walked on to the stage with a number of smoking glasses of hot drink upon a waiter, and as all idea of acting the play properly was now entirely abandoned, the players stopped at once, took the tumblers in their hands, and then went on speaking and drinking, touching glasses and laughing beyond all control or restraint at the supremely extraordinary and ridiculous scene that was going forward. The audience had continued to send the boy round to the private entrance, with orders to march directly on to the stage and suffer no person to stop him, which commission the little nigger faithfully executed.

The fifth act went on, and Lear came staggering on in the last scene with dead Cordelia in his arms, exclaiming, "Howl, howl, howl, howl!" "*Ladies and gentlemen, will you do me the favor to howl?*" This wound up the play, for the man in the pit instantly rose up and commenced howling like a dog, the actors joined in, and a sudden and irresistible climax was given to the whole affair by the house dogs in the neighborhood setting up a vociferous serenade all around the theatre, which was continued in melodious echoes, by

"Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, and spaniel, brach and lym,
Bobtail, tike and trundle tail,"

and every "Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart" in the town!

The manager rung down the curtain himself, hoped the ladies and gentlemen had sufficiently amused themselves, and thought after such a laughable tragedy there would be no occasion for a farce, as on peeping through the curtain he discovered that the audience had concluded to go home.

A SPLENDID STABLE FOR FAST HORSES.

Some lover of fast horses in Connecticut has been putting up a magnificent "residence" for his stock, of which a Hartford paper gives the following account:

"Is that a church or a barn?" would be a natural inquiry by a stranger, driving out on the West Hartford road, and noticing the large, new Gothic building, with a tower, on the ridge this side of Vanderbilt's place, about two-and-a-half miles west of the State House. It is Henry C. Beckwith's new barn, built for him the past winter by Wm. G. Allen, at a cost of about $20,000. The building is of brick, with brown stone trimmings, slate roof, and ornamental windows. The main building is in the form of a Greek cross. An open shed connects with the tower, five stories high, surmounted by a flag-staff. The first floor of the tower, with its marble mantel and handsome finish, is designed for the office—to be fitted up, in elegant style; above are two billiard rooms, bed-rooms for the men, etc. A splendid view of the surrounding country may be obtained from the top. The barn is quite large, and better ventilated than most public buildings. The stalls are finished in solid oak, polished and oiled; the partitions, ceilings, and other wood-work, are of oiled pine. The five most valuable horses have each a box stall, with about as many conveniences as a gentleman finds in his room, at a good hotel; also, very faithful and attentive servants. The sides of each room or stall are ceiled about six feet high, above which is an ornamental iron net-work, giving a perfectly free circulation of air.

Here are "Prince," the wiry little bay that has made his mile in 2:24 on the Fashion Course, and for which his owner has refused $10,000; the beautiful "Belle of Hartford," symmetrical, and glossy as silk, for which Amasa Sprague offered to swap his fifty horses, and another admirer offered $9,000; "Lady Litchfield," a brood mare, of the best stock, very fast, and valued at thousands—her first colt is the trotter "Hickory Jack;" next comes "Grit," a sleek-coated and "gritty" animal, said to be a fast one, but untried in this vicinity, pu chased in Buffalo last fall, at a cost of $5,000; and last, but not least, a noble-looking white horse, "White Bird," with splendid switch tail, young and fast, and of high value, brought from California recently.

The row of stalls opposite is occupied by his valuable driving horses, the splendid stallion, "Gen. Meade," and a promising five-years old colt that is to trot, for the first time, on the Hartford Trotting Park, May 10th, for a purse of $250, against another five years old. There are thirteen horses in all, worth, probably,

[illegible] are harness-rooms, grain-bins, tanks of hot and cold [illegible]s for hay, commodious rooms for sleighs, sulkies, buggies, etc., of which there are a variety; a room for un[illegible]and washing horses, cleaning carriages, etc., and sheds [illegible]der," all in the most convenient style. It is a model [illegible]ing the most valuable collection of horses to be [illegible]art of the country.

SHAKESPERIANA.

Items of Interest Concerning the Great Poet.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.—Although the 23d of April is generally given as the day of the poet's birth, no positive evidence of the date exists. In several old books it is stated to have been the 16th. The parish register of Stratford, however, contains the entry of his baptism in Latin, as follows:—

"1564, April 26, Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspere."

By this it would appear, if the commonly accepted date be correct, that his baptism took place three days after his birth. Several festivals have been held at Stratford to celebrate his birthday. In 1796, David Garrick, than whom the poet never had a more devoted admirer, arranged and carried out "a jubilee" fete, on which occasion a procession headed by the actor, paid a public visit to his house. At the Royal Shakespearian Festival, which took place in 1830, arrangements were made on a more extensive scale. The most celebrated actors of the day formed a procession, and walked in state to the house, led by Tragedy and Comedy, who placed wreaths of laurel on a bust erected for the purpose.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.—Orthography in Shakespeare's time was in its infancy, and great men paid but little heed to their spelling. The arbitrary system of spelling was not confined to common words, for proper names were sometimes as variously spelt. This is particularly remarkable in the case of "Shakespeare." In the Stratford register of his baptism it is written *Shakspere*, and in the entry of the baptism of his children, and of his own burial, the same orthography is preserved. The signatures to his will are too indistinct to be put in as evidence of the style adopted, although the doubt rests between *Shakspere* and *Shakspeare*. The British Museum possesses a volume containing an autograph distinctly written *Shakspere*, while in a mortgage deed purchased by the Corporation of London the final e is omitted—*Shaksper*. On referring to the early quarto editions of his plays, printed during his lifetime, we find the name variously spelt. In "Love's Labor Lost" (1598) it is *Shakespere;* "Much Ado Aout Nothing," and several others bearing the same date (1600) *Shakespeare;* "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet" (1603) *Shake-speare;* and in "King Lear" (1608) *Shak-speare*. In the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," published by the Shakespeare Society, an entry is made recording that "On St. Steuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur" was performed, and in the margin, under the heading "The Poet wch mayd the plaies" the author's name is spelt *Shaxberd*.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.—The humble dwelling of England's greatest poet is situated in Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon. It is, as Washington Irving truly describes it, "a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language."

Shakespeare's father, in 1574, gave £40 for this and another house. On his death they became the property of his eldest son, William, who bequeathed them to his sister, Joan Hart, "for the term of her natural life." At her death, which took place in 1646, the tenements came into the possession of Lady Barnard, who left them to the sons of Joan Shakespeare Hart. In 1806 the houses were sold for £250; and subsequently that in which the poet was born was exhibited by one Mary Hornby, a descendant of the family, who rented it at first for £10. The proprietor, however, finding the visitors numerous, raised the rent to £40, a sum too high for the old lady to pay. She thereupon left it, and took with her all those relics described by Washington Irving in his "Sketch Book." The house was, however, kept open as an exhibition till 1847, when it was put up for sale by the well-known George Robins, on the 16th of September. Mr. Peter Cunningham, on behalf of a committee formed for the purpose of securing its purchase, offered £3,000 for it, and for this sum it became the property of the country.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—This little market town of Warwickshire, rendered famous as the birthplace of Shakespeare, derives its name from being a ford on the River Avon. It was a place of some importance before the Conquest, and contained a monastery, said to have been founded in the reign of Ethelred. The entire place is sacred to the poet's memory, and the surrounding country hallowed ground for his sake; for it was here that "he acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas." There is a seclusion and quietness about the town itself that seems to fit it for a poet's abode, while the beauty of the adjacent neighborhood—the luxuriant vegetation, the leafy avenues, the glittering stream—afford ample scope for that poetic imagery which adorns so many of the descriptive passages to be found in Shakespeare's poems and plays. The well-known mulberry tree, planted by Shakespeare, was cut down by a clergyman of the name of Gastrell—because, according to Malone, it gave him some trouble in showing it. This gentleman, who possessed the freehold of the house in which the poet died, pulled it down about a century ago, "in revenge for an assessment."

SHAKESPEARE'S BOYHOOD.—The year in which Shakespeare was born (1564) is noted as one of deadly pestilence, which proved fatal to about one-sixth of the population of Stratford-on-Avon. "Fortunately for mankind," says Malone, "it did not touch the house where Shakespeare lay." We have no authentic record to guide us in determining under whose tuition the poet received his education, but there can be no doubt it must have been fully equal, if not superior, to that usually given to youths in his condition of life. In the Charter granted by Edward VI. for the incorporation of Stratford, reference is made to a certain free grammar school for the education of boys. The necessary qualifications for the admission of boys into this school were that they should belong to Stratford, be seven years old, and be able to read. As Shakespeare's father was an alderman, and would therefor possess sufficient influence to gain his son's admission, it is only reasonable to suppose that the poet received his education at the grammar-school, for although free, it was no doubt the best scholastic establishment in the neighborhood. The story about Shakespeare's getting into trouble through stealing the deer in Sir Thomas Lucy's park, at Charlecte, is variously told by different biographers. Rowe's version affirms that, by "a misfortune common enough to young fellows, he had fallen into ill company, and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park of Sir Thomas Lucy." For this he was prosecuted. The poet made a ballad upon his prosecutor, which so incensed Sir Thomas, that the youthful rhymer was obliged to quit for a time the scene of his boyhood.

SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE.—Of the poet's courtship but little is known—few facts have ever been elicited that bear the impress of truth, although several enthusiastic antiquarians have spared no pains in investigating every probable source of information. His earliest biographer, Rowe, says:—"Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford." It was not, however, till 1836, that even this scanty information received positive confirmation. In that year Shakespeare's marriage bond was discovered. From this it appears that he was under nineteen years of age when he was married, while his bride was in her seven-and-twentieth year. The bond is dated the 28th day of November, in the 25th year of the reign of Elizabeth—namely, 1582. The licence is attached to the bond, and the most remarkable portion of this document is that they were to be married "with *once* asking of the banns," and that the marriage was not to take place without the consent of Ann's friends. There is no record of the place where the marriage was solemnised. Some writers have ventured to assert that Shakespeare's choice was not a happy one; but Mr. Dyce, with apparent reason, believe that the poet had no cause to complain of his domestic happiness; and we have strong presumptive evidence in the fact, that the wife of his youth was the companion of his latest years, when he had raised himself to opulence and to the position of a gentleman. Shakespeare's wife died on the 6th of August, 1623.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.—The "last will and testament" of Shakespeare is dated in March, 1616, about a month prior to his death. The chief portion of his property in houses and lands he left to his eldest daughter, Susannah; £300 to his youngest daughter, under certain conditions; a bequest of money and wearing apparel was left to his sister, together with the free occupation of the house in which she lived; his nephews received £5 each; his granddaughter his plate; the poor £10; and several friends small tokens of remembrance. The residue of his goods and chattels he left to his daughter, Susannah, and her husband—excepting his "second best bed, with the furniture," which he bequeathed to his wife. This entry in Shakespeare's will has produced considerable controversy, for, coupled with the fact of the poet's separation from his wife during his protracted residence in London, it has been viewed as throwing a strong doubt upon his domestic happiness. On the other hand it is contended that Mrs. Shakespeare required no special provision in her husband's will, as she was entitled to dower—that is, the life interest of a third part of all the property which Shakespeare had acquired, with the exception of one copyhold tenement—and she would also have the same interest in the houses which her husband inherited from his father—the ordinary operation of the law relating to freehold property thus placing her in comfortable circumstances. However this may be, we cannot suppose, with Malone, that almost the last act of Shakespeare was an insult to his wife, "cutting her off, not indeed with a shilling (as it is vulgarly expressed), but with an old bed."

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.—The bust of Shakespeare in Stratford Church is considered as probably the best delineation of the poet's features in existence. It was the work of one Gerard Johnson, and was executed within a few years of his death—certainly previous to 1623. Mr. Britton, in his "Remarks on his Monumental Bust," published in the year 1816, gives the following interesting particulars:—"The bust is the size of life; it is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over, in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh color, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown or tabard, without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have been the original features of this important, but neglected or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above one hundred and twenty years, it was 'repaired,' and the original colors preserved. In 1793, the bust was covered over with white paint, which destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face." The following is the inscription beneath the bust:—

Judicio Pylium, genio, Socratem, arte Maronem
Terra tegit, populus mœret Olympus habet.
Stay, passenger, why goest thov so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs death hath plast
Within this Monvment, Shakspeare, with whome
Qvick natvre dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his wit.
Obiit ano. doi. 1616. *Ætatis* 53, *die* 23 *Ap.*

SHAKESPEARE'S WIT.—It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom of personages of high rank at the period, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit at the back of the stage when the dramas of our bard were performed. One evening, when Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king, the audience became aware of her Majesty being in the theatre, and testified their appreciation of the presence of royalty in the usual manner. The queen thereupon crossed the stage while he was performing, and on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely toward the poet, who, however, appeared so engrossed in the rendering of his part as not to heed the honor paid him by his royal mistress. Presently the Queen caught his eye, and moved again, but still the actor would not throw off his assumed character; this, it appears, made her Majesty persist in endeavoring to secure a public acknowledgment of her condescension. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage. This was too strong an intimation of the Queen's desire to be left unnoticed. So, upon finishing his speech, he picked up the glove, and so aptly delivered the following impromptu lines, that they seemed to belong to his part:

"And thus I now bent on this high embassy.
Yet stoop here to take up our cousin's glove."

He walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who was greatly pleased with his wit, and complimented him upon his appropriate behavior under such trying circumstances.

Irving.

BROADWAY BELOW THE SIDEWALK.

Pretty Waiter Girls and Underground Concert Saloons.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE NEW ORIENTAL.

MANY years ago we had a great inclination to go to Constantinople to see how the harems were conducted there, and to take into consideration the propriety of starting a grand casta divan in this part of the world similar in character to those of Turkey, in place of the harem-scarem lager-bier gardens, where there's music, (or noise would be more apropos,) enough to lead an army into battle, but that's about all. Everybody has read of old Bluebeard with his plurality of wives, and most people are opposed to his summary method of doing things. Bluebeard was an Irish Turk, and not a Turkish Turk, which may account for his not over eleemosynary propensities. But Bluebeard's style wouldn't suit Gotham, because our folks are proverbial for the kindly manner with which they treat the gentler sex on all occasions, and woman-beaters have no more show than the elder Law had when he ran for President.

A good many folks have much of the world to see yet, but we could refer them to a saloon right here in the metropolis, where there's a bevy of beauties from almost every nation, except Liberia, whose actions, style, dress, manners, gait, and language are on a par with their country-women abroad.

The New Oriental, on Broadway, was formally opened to the public on the eleventh day of the fourth month, Anno Domini, '64. How we came to go there was in this wise: having just paid our dues to the Father Matthew Temperance Society, we called into Harry Sharp's for "a little more Bourbon," as a certain pigeon-shooter once upon a time observed, and happened to meet a celebrated dog fancier known as "Cricket," with a couple of friends. After punishing a quantity of malt, the trio wanted to go and see some concert saloon—places they had not yet explored. Barkis was willing. "Where shall we go, Blink?" "Blamed if I care." "It's Hobson's choice, then, is it?" "Hobson's choice it is." Perhaps you never heard the origin of "Hobson's choice." We'll have to post you once. There was a man who lived in Cambridge, and his name was Hobson, Timothy Hobson; and that man kept a livery stable, and in that livery stable were horses, and people used to hire 'em to go out riding on Sundays, and if they didn't get the best cattle in the market, they growled, and Hobson didn't like to see 'em get mad about it, so he says to himself, says he, I'll fix it—I'll make 'em take the first horse to the door, and then they'll be all served alike. They had no choice no more, and from that day to this, when folks take a slice of whichever meat comes first, whether it be mutton pies or ice cream, it is called "Hobson's choice." Well, as our friends were not particular which one to go to, it was decided to visit the first one that turned up, and that one happened to be the New Oriental.

From the "splendiferous" pictures outside, representing an arched illuminated canvas about ten feet square set back over the entrance and even with the house, a capitally executed painting, done in oil, of a Turkish lady, *couchant*, as the Boulevarders don't say, with her servant holding over her alabaster neck a sun-shade, and at the foot of the stairs another Turkess, it is impossible to pass by without stopping, and, if you're not afraid of spending a dollar, going down to see the show. These transparencies are no gingerbread affairs, but gems of the banner-painter's art, the subject being such as he could spread himself on. Besides the outside picture gallery, there are several frosted gas globes, the stairway is broad and roomy, and the steps are lined so as to prevent tectotalers from tripping up or slipping down.

Having gone both eyes on the outside, it was agreed to go one eye on the inside, so down went we, and up came she—that is, one of the maid-i-ens came to answer the rap at the door. "Cricket" thought people wasn't allowed in unless they asked for or knew somebody inside, and that's why he rapped. If the exterior was showy, the interior was "gorgeous," fairly dazzling to the eyes, the illuminated walls, parti-colored cut-paper ceiling ornaments, brilliant gas-lights, and the pretty waiter-girls flitting up and down in their fancy, variegated costumes, made us think we had been transported (not by government, but at our own individual expense) into fairy-land, like Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. To use a Cockneyism, "it was stunnin'!" The entire concern seemed all agog with excitement and merriment—everybody was happy; the brass band and the piano was going it on a lively Irish jig, and those Irish jigs are the very deuce for setting a fellow in good humor and making the blood circulate, as every Frenchman knows.

Wanting a little time to get over the muddle our brain had got into, we marched to the other end to look at the sport going on in the shooting gallery department, and by the veritable toe-nail of Methuselah, if there wasn't two of our most famous city judges shooting a match, we hope to die. It was a re-union of lawyer and client, judge and prisoner. They very soon finished their string, and served on us a writ of Nisi Prius, leading the way to a side table, where the party altogether made about a dozen. Calling the girl dressed as a highlander, who happened to be Irish, the order was given for a basket of Hockamore. "Sure and what's that?" says the Irish-Scotch gal, grinning good-naturedly all over her face. "That's more than I know myself," replied the "cove wot hordered," adding, "I guess we'll have a good old-fashioned American drink; I'll take a gin cocktail—what'll you all have gents?" This time Miss O'Shaunessy knew right well it was joking we were, and lost no time in getting the things ordered, which were placed on the tables, and for the first time we had a chance to look around a little.

Two or three of the phemale's phaces, phorms and phigures seemed familiar, and while trying to place them in our mind's eye, Georgey—attired *a la* Child of the Regiment, with short crimson skirt, black velvet jippo, braided across her heaving bosom with gold lace bands, after the most approved military fashion, a red fatigue cap, walking with a bouncing, springy step, indicative of a lively temperament—came towards us, demanded the salute due to a superior officer, got it, inquired about "matters and things in general," and was off like a canary bird. Georgey is a spare built, thin-featured, light-haired young lady, of an animated disposition, and very popular with the visitors to concert rooms, who have christened her Brig. Gen. Loyalina. Just then a party of Union officers, one with an eagle on his shoulder strap, came in, and the way champagne corks flew for a little while was *mirabile dictu*, or wonderful to relate.

Hearing that the fascinating little lady with curly hair, fixed after the Menken style, known as "Little Carrie," (no relation to Big Carrie, the jig dancer,) was some on poetry, she was called over to our table and requested to make an impromptu pome on General Beauregard, and here's a specimen verse of it:

Who comes here?
A Brigadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where's your money?
I forgot.
Get you gone, you drunken sot.

That ain't bad for a female educated on sherry cobblers, is it? It was good enough for one of the party to order a bottle on. For style and shape, this female just takes 'em all—there's no laxness about *her* muscles; they are all tension, like our gymnastic friends, and she's just as full of *jeu d'esprit* and fun as a young lambkin; she hasn't got a long Jeremiad of sorrow to tell, or either a pocket full of checks, good for silk dresses, etc., like some of 'em, but is just as free, saucy, and independent as the Queen of Bavaria, and more too. We confess a liking to Carrie.

One of the girls had on the Polynesian costume, a second the Japonican, another the Sclavonian, and out of the thirty really interesting, and many of them extremely handsome, girls in attendance, no two are rigged alike, all being dressed in the national and picturesque costumes of Europe. What is more, they can "parlez vous Francaise," "spragle Dietch," and talk all languages, like Hampson's Hibernian bar-tender, Johnny. No wonder their appearance is pronounced "mirificent"—it ain't nothin' shorter, to quote from the language of the boys who kill for our best society. It is next to impossible to describe their looks and appearance—we ain't no man milliner, and know no more about female harness than Patsy Flynn did about playing the guitar; but if you want to feel good, be entertained or amused, you will care little or nothing whether they are afflicted with the "nothing to wear" mania, or come out in gorgeous array. We believe the proprietor furnishes the costumes free.

The *ad valorem* given the girls on fancy drinks, besides their regular wages, is said to be more than any other place in town, and for every bottle of wine sold the seller thereof gets fifty cents, which is considerable encouragement. Don't you know that in London, waiters in concert halls *pay* for the privilege of waiting on tables, (but they are not females,) and calculate to get from four to six cents on every shilling's worth sold, which makes them fly around pretty lively, and keep singing, "Hany horders gents?"

The panorama scenes,—of which there are twenty-five in all, executed by four Italian artists,—are all painted on the side walls, and extend from floor to ceiling. They are fine specimens of the painter's genius, representing on the right the scenery of the Old World, and on the left that of the New, whereon will be recognized many old familiar spots on the Hudson River. At the end of the hall is a monster shooting gallery. The bar faces the entrance, and the special policemen and bar-tenders are pretty much the same as those formerly employed at the old Oriental.

Taken altogether, the New Oriental is the fanciest and most attractive saloon we have come across so far.

BLONDIN OUTDONE.—One, and perhaps not the least surprising of the feats performed by the Turks seen by Evelyn, in 1657 (query, at Bartholomew Fair?) was, even at that time, not unprecedented. When Edward VI. passed through London, the day before his coronation, (19th February, 1546–7), a Spaniard descended on a rope stretched from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple and fastened to an anchor near the gate of the Deanery; "lying on the rope, with his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow." The same exploit was repeated on the entrance of Philip and Mary into London, after their marriage (18th August, 1554), at the same place, or, according to one authority, "from the chapter howse." The performer on the last occasion soon afterwards met with the too common fate of

...n, etc. Mr. Fitch is stage manager.....The St. Denis Ravel troupe were underlined to appear at the Varieties on the 18th inst. .....Performers are requested to see advertisement in another column.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, the graceful gazelle, and fascinating Spanish danseuse, has retreated from the National, Cincinnati, and changed her base to Beller's New Theatre at Chicago, where she first gave specimens of her agility on the tight rope and light fantastic toe on the 18th inst. Mr. W. Hanley is the lady's agent. For address, see advertisement.

AT BELLER'S NEW THEATRE, Chicago, Marietta Ravel, Mons. Baptistin, A. J. Talbot and Emma Miles were to appear on the 18th inst., having fulfilled their engagements at the National, Cincinnati, last week.

JIM FLAKE, Ethiopian Comedian, brings his engagement to a close at Parker's Opera House, Alexandria, on the 22d inst., and joins the National Circus for the travelling season.

THE COLUMBIAN Troupe of male and female minstrels were underlined on the bills of the Athenæum, Cleveland, Ohio, to commence an engagement on the 18th inst.

KIDNEY'S VARIETIES, Columbus, O., is reported to be doing well. Gus Shaw had his farewell benefit on the 11th, and left for Cincinnati to join John Robinson's Circus as clown.

THE METROPOLITAN, Washington, D. C., with P. A. Fitzgerald as stage manager, is doing its full share of the business of that "disreputable city."

THE OLYMPIC, Philadelphia, remains closed. It is rumored that E. S. Davis has secured the lease of the building.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Toledo, Ohio, is now open under the management of Messrs. Hayes and Haverly. Last week the principal attractions offered by the managers consisted of the Bliss family, Julia Dawson, Nick Grist and Thos. J. Riley.

DICK MCGOWAN closed at the York Melodeon, Pa., on the 16th inst., and has joined Van Amburg's menagerie.

MISS ST. CLAIR, who has just closed an engagement at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, has been secured for Hemmings & Gardner's circus, and will join them on the 25th inst.

MISS EVA BRENT was the card last week at the Baltimore Melodeon. She remains this week, and will contribute to the enjoyment of the patrons of the house, aided by an array of talent of the most attractive character.

EVERY NOOK of the National, Cincinnati, was occupied on the 11th instant., to witness the *debut* of Kate Vance as Mazeppa, who, it is said, made a tremendous hit. Aside from the nature of Miss Vance's feats, the spectacle is said to be creditably produced, and even as a show piece is attractive.

THE CANTERBURY Music Hall and Theatre, Washington, D. C., increases in popular favor nightly, because of the great variety and excellence of the programmes there performed. It is a well known fact that Manager George Lea, the proprietor, uses every effort to secure all the talent that can be had for money; and to this end, pays immense salaries to a full *corps* of the best artists. Among those now performing at the Canterbury are the Misses Jennie Forrest, Mary Coulson, Louisa Rolette, Nelly Rainford, Estelle Forrest, Maggie Wilson, Naomi Porter, Florence Rivers, Nelly Clifton, Emma Schell, Emma Thomas, who together comprise "The Boquet of Beauty," and John Mulligan, Bob Hart, H. Cavenaugh, W. B. Cavenaugh, Billy West, Lew Donnelly, Billy Thomas, J. H. Dougherty, Delehanty and Ward. The pantomime of "The House that Jack Built" has been drawing full houses of late. "The Sports of the Peris" by the ballet, also proves an attractive spectacle. Family matinees are given on Saturday afternoons.

Circuses.

BEN MAGINLEY had returned to Memphis with his Circus company, comprising M'lle Marie (Mrs. Ben), The Conklins, Hannan, Powers, etc., and the wonderful Quadrupeds, the trick horse "Monitor," and the educated Taurus, "Don Juan." The winds are high, and the showers heavy, but heavier still is the hand of military power, which keeps everything in the way of amusement and pleasure, *"down, very down."*

ORTON BROTHERS' Circus starts from Independence, Iowa, on the 25th inst., with the following people—Mr. and Mrs. Miles Orton, Messrs. Dennis, Lester, Charles Tubbs, Patten, the Fitzroy Family, Master Andy, Misses Irene, Julia and Celeste. James A. Gilkison is the clown.

LAKE & CO'S Circus makes its *entree* in Cincinnati on Monday, May 2d, preceded by their Dolphin Chariot drawn by forty horses.

G. F. ORRIN and sons, with Sebastian, the celebrated equestrian, arrived at Valparaiso on the 11th of February, after a passage of fifty-three days from San Francisco. In a letter dated Valparaiso, March 17th, Mr. Orrin says:—

FRIEND QUEEN—We opened at the Jarden de Recreo, a sort of Tivoli Garden, on the 21st ult, to an immense house, and performed here eleven nights, finishing on the 14th inst., with a good business. We leave to-day for Santiago, one hundred miles by railway. Our company will give the first performance allowed there since the dreadful burning of the Cathedral. Will write you from Santiago. Was awakened at a quarter before six this morning, by the shock of an earthquake. Had a God-send here, having been able to purchase four copies of the CLIPPER, the first I have seen since I left San Francisco.

THE NATIONAL CIRCUS is on exhibition in Baltimore, Md., this week. The boys pitched tent on the Belair Market lot, on the 18th inst., for one week.

BRIEN'S and Tom King's Excelsior Circus pitch canvas on the 23d at Wilmington, Del., for one day only.

DAN RICE'S Show appears at Dunkirk, N. Y., on the 26th; thence to Buffalo, where the stakes are driven on the 27th, and the party remain four days. On the 2d of May, Lockport will have an opportunity of witnessing the show. S. Q. Stokes is in the show, and Henry Cooke's performing dogs and monkies are among the great attractions. Mrs. Dan Rice appears and introduces the trick horse Captain Glencoe.

JOHN C. RIVERS goes as clown with Gardner & Hemmings' circus this season.

Amateur.

THE PHILO LITERARY SOCIETY of Pittsburgh gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Subsistence Committee, at Lafayette Hall, on the 16th. The plays on this occasion were "More Blunders than One;" scenes from "The Lady of the Lake," and "Trying It On." The entire performance gave the utmost satisfaction, and all concerned acquitted themselves creditably, especially Edwin Umbstaetter (G. A. Morris) and Joel Millard. Miss Jennie Goodal, as Fanny, was immense. The last piece was well rendered; the gentleman playing Walsingham Potts won many admirers by his dashing style; the ladies in this piece were very imperfect. The evening's enjoyment was brought to a close with a grand ball, which will long be remembered by all who were present. So says a correspondent.

THE WALLACK DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, at a meeting held on the 12th inst., chose the following officers:—President, L. N. Jew; Vice President, F. Haus; Stage Manager, J. Wallace; Business Manager, J. Florence; Treasurer, B. B. Dumont; Secretary, William Clay. Their first performance takes place on the 21st inst.

Miscellaneous.

THE SANDFORD BROTHERS have changed their minds about accepting engagements at theatres, as announced in our last. Harry informs us that one of his brothers has gone to England, and the other is with Gardiner & Hemmings, thus preventing their acceptance of a twelve months engagement with Barnum.

BURNELL & PRESCOTT'S MUSEUM and Zoological Institute, St. Louis, has been doing a good business of late with the Sea Lion, Hairless Mare, Albino Girl and Twin Brother. The mare, which is a beautiful animal, and the only hairless one now living, we are informed, is soon to be taken off to make room for other curiosities. The hairless mare, with other fixings for a side show, is advertised for sale by Major Burnell in another column. Early application is necessary.

SPAFF HYMAN, ventriloquist and magician, with his wild woman, etc., was in Harrisburg, Pa., last week, doing very well.

LOUIS ZITTERBART, a travelling musician of Pittsburgh, and when last heard from was with the Old Hundred Concert Troupe at Montgomery, Ala., is advertised for in this issue by Geo. Blumenschein. Any one knowing Zitterbart's whereabouts, will confer a favor by communicating as instructed in the advertisement.

BILL POSTERS are very useful members of society, and of these Mr. J. D. Wyman, of Troy, is among the most enterprising. The *Daily Press* of that city says of him:—"Our citizens cannot fail to have noticed the neat and serviceable bill boards which have been put up about the city by Mr. J. D. Wyman, the enterprising bill poster. Besides these boards, he has secured the exclusive use of a great many walls and fences, &c., so that persons having bills to be posted can feel assured that they are well, permanently and advantageously displayed. Besides posting bills, Mr. W. also attends to the distribution of circulars and dodgers, and whatever is given him to do he does promptly and faithfully."

THE POLYORAMA of the War, known as Goodwin & Co.'s, did a thriving business at Newburgh, N. Y., last week, and remains there the present week.

THE TOM THUMB party, including Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, are carrying all before them in this State. Notwithstanding they give three levees each day, hundreds frequently are unable to obtain admission, except at their early morning performance. They are to be in Elmira 22d and 23d, Binghampton 27th and 28th, Syracuse 2d, 3d, and 4th of May. A "little accident," probably weighing a pound and a half, is expected to occur in July or August, which will render it necessary to hold up the show about the last of June. They have made a big pile, and are to take a pleasure tour to Europe next fall.

WOODWARD'S Polyorama of the War was at Camden, N. J., last week.

A FUNNY theatrical entertainment was recently given at Cape Girardeau, which must have been immense. The show is called "Millard, Griff, Bennett & Blake's Choreseomozodam," consisting of singing, dancing, conjuring, juggling, tableaux, and fireworks. We make some extracts from the programme: PART FIRST—Music—Overture by the Band; Grand Opening Chorus "See How Brightly Breaks the Day," Ballad, "When this Cruel War is Over;" Solo on the Combodicum Tval; Comic Song, "Come to Griff's Wedding."—PART SECOND, DANCING—Tangle-foot jig; Chinese quickstep (on one foot); Essence of Old Bourbon; Indian War-Dance (with a hoop). PART THIRD, CONJURING—Mysterious disappearance of a plate of hash and seven boiled eggs. The hidden ball, or now you see and now you don't. Unaccountable disappearance of the proceeds of the show. Fifteen minutes' intermission for strawberries and cream. PART FOURTH—*Arnnic Wonders*—Ground and lofty tumbling; Mr. Millard will introduce the educated mule, assisted by Mr. Fox—Educated Mule, Mr. Blake; Funny remarks by the clown—Clown, Mr. Millard. PART FIFTH—TABLEAU AND FIREWORKS—The May Queen; Liberty and Lincoln, producing the amnesty proclamation in fireworks. N. B.—The above tableaux are produced regardless of expense. The Goddess of Liberty will be personated by Mr. Grifl. The manager desires to state that not having found a proper looking person to represent the character of Mr. Lincoln, it will be left out of the tableaux until further notice.

OSSIAN E. DODGE, assisted by William Hayward, balladist, gave his first concert in San Francisco on the 22d ult. at Platt's Hall, and announced another on the following evening. One dollar was the price of admission.

MRS. D. W. WALLER gave a reading of "Hamlet" at White's Hall, Toledo, Ohio, on the 12th inst.

MR. WOODWARD has disposed of his interest in the Polyorama of the War to Mr. Rufus Somerby.

DR. BEALEIGH, the well-known lecturer on Electricity, was at Auburn, Me., on the 14th.

NORWOOD, a Fakir, was at Augusta, Me., on the 12th, in connection with a lottery exhibition.

MRS. EUGENE RAVEL'S (so called) Troupe were meeting with fine success in the Eastern States. They are announced to be at Lewiston, Maine, on Friday and Saturday, 22d and 23d.

POTTER'S DIORAMA of the War was at Durham, N. H., quite recently.

HARRINGTON, the Boston Ventriloquist, has been spending the winter to great advantage in Western Massachusetts and Northern New Hampshire. Hoffman, his pianist, has contributed largely to the satisfaction of his audiences. The Professor was to be at Lewiston, Maine, three nights, commencing Fast Day, April 14th, and would be obliged to close his season on May 1st, having been "drafted" to serve on a three months' jury at Boston; so E. M. Leslie, his agent, will be relieved from "picket duty" until fall.

THE WIZARD business appears to take with the Western people, for W. J. McAlister is "in funds," the result of his performances among them. In St. Louis he had "a big take" during the first week in April. On the 8th and 9th he was at Hannibal, Mo., on the 12th at Cape Girardeau, and commenced at Cairo, Illinois, on the 14th, for three nights, where he will exhibit his "Spiritual Ghost." His agent, R. F. Ullman, is making arrangements to show in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, we understand, during the coming season.

GRANDFATHER PIKE'S "Old Folks" (six in number) do not appear to give great satisfaction. An Exeter, N. H., paper devotes a third of a column to their demerits.

J. H. HOYT'S (Denier) Troupe "exploded" at Buckfield, Maine, on the 4th, and the "great escamoteur and polyphorist" returned to his home at Lowell, Mass.

THE ST. DENIS Ravel Troupe, including those pleasing tight rope dancers, Rosita and sister, are about terminating their Chicago engagement, and, by advertisement elsewhere, seek others.

MAD. VARIAN and Mr. Edward Hoffman give a concert at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 18th.....Three hundred children will give a concert at the same hall on the 19th.

ELLINGER & FOOTE'S exhibition will open at Colerick's Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind., on or about the 18th inst.

MR. DONELSON, Wizard of the East, was to commence his "seances" at Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th inst., accompanied with a gift entertainment.

PROF. SIMMONS, the Illusionist, is giving the people of Boston cause to wonder at his papilinacious and other mysteries, including the "blood-red writing on the arm." The savans of the modern Athens are noted for their acquirements in scientific research, but his gory chirography is a little deeper down in the realms of mystery than they have yet delved, and "with one accord" they pronounce that Prof. Simmons rakes the per-Simmons in his line of business

MADAME LOUISE DE MONTEL, colored lady, gave a public reading in Oswego, N. Y., on the 12th inst.

WOODROFFE'S Bohemian Glass Blowers were to close at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 16th.

A BALLADIST is wanted by a gentleman who intends giving entertainments through the country. See advertisement.

PROF. W. J. MCALLISTER, the Physist, was giving exhibitions at the St. Charles Hotel Hall, Cairo, Ill., on the 16th inst.

THE Hibernicon was on exhibition at Lockport, N. Y. on the 16th inst.

THE GREAT FIRE KING, recently from the Cremorne Gardens, London, Eng., may be engaged through Messrs. Conner & Co. of this city. See advertisement.

"THE CHAMPION LADY JIG DANCER," is the title adopted by Miss Nelly Howard, who has just returned to this city from a successful engagement at the Albany Theatre. Jas. Conner & Co. are her agents.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE EVENING of March 26 terminated the Lesseeship of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, London, after having, for eight seasons, carried on a campaign accompanied by many personal sacrifices. During the eight seasons, fifteen operas and five operettas, together with eleven revivals, were produced. The closing performances were for the benefit of the Lessees. As soon as the curtain had descended, a very interesting scene took place on the stage. The whole of the company, and those officially connected with the establishment in other capacities, together with a large assemblage of well-known friends to the musical profession, assembled to present the Lessees with a *souvenir* appropriate to the occasion. The testimonials given to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, on the last night of their long and laudable managerial career, were, in all respects, precisely similar. They consisted of two very elegant silver breakfast services, and covered with rich and tasteful engraving. The service destined for Miss Louisa Pyne bore the following inscription, written by Mr. Edward Murray, the able and courteous Acting-Manager: "Presented to Miss Louisa Pyne by the *artistes* and *employes* of the Royal English Opera and a few lovers of native art, as a tribute of gratitude and admiration won by the eminent services which she has rendered to the National School of Music, by affording a home to English Opera for eight successive seasons, and by the brilliant talent which she has displayed in embodying the creations of English composers." The companion service intended for Mr. W. Harrison bore the same inscription, with merely a change of name.

MR. LEESON had made quite a hit in Liverpool, as Jumbo Jum, one of the late Daddy Rice's pieces.

JIM MYER'S CIRCUS was doing a moderate business in Liverpool, with one of the best companies they have had there for some time. Mrs. Rose Myers had reappeared, after her late illness. She has become a mother; may the little Rose bloom and be as lovely a flower as the maternal "parient"

BILLY ARMSTRONG was at the Alhambra, London. Mrs. A. was very ill. They are to leave for America soon, if the health of Mrs. Armstrong will permit it.

GEORGE HODSON, Irish comedian, was giving his entertainment, "A Voyage from Ireland to America and Back," at the Rotunda, Dublin. He soon starts for America.

MR. AND MRS. BOUCICAULT commenced Easter week in Dublin, with the "Colleen Bawn."

"LEAH" was represented at the Adelphi, London, for the 146th time, on the 28th ult., on which occasion new dresses and new scenery were introduced.

MR. GEORGE DANIEL, a well known English author, died at Stoke, Newington, London, March 30th, aged 74.

J. H. OGDEN is at the Canterbury Hall, Nottingham.

MR. J. B. HOWE has brought out at the Pavilion Theatre, London, a new Irish drama, from his own pen, called "The Blighted Home."

G. V. BROOKE has been engaged by the manager of Saddler's Wells, London, and appeared on the 9th inst. as Othello. He was to sail soon for Australia.

A NEW EXTRAVAGANZA was produced at the New Royalty Theatre, London, on the 28th of March, on which occasion a gentleman of the name of Seymour performed a leading part. The bills stated that it was his first appearance. The part he had to play was one of the most humorous of the burlesque characters in the piece, and he obtained considerable applause for his delineation during the earlier scenes. In the fourth scene there was what is technically called "a wait," and a very long one. The usual manifestations of impatience by the audience were made, and the scene, evidently maimed in consequence, proceeded without Mr. Seymour. In the next scene Mrs. Selby had to make her first appearance in the piece, and as soon as she came upon the stage, before proceeding with her part, stepped forward to the footlights and said she had a painful announcement to make. Mr. H. Seymour had been suddenly seized with a fit, which she much feared would be fatal. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but it only needed a glance to show that the actor, who but a few minutes before had excited the merriment of the house, had passed away from the earth and entered another world.

MARGARET, wife of Ira Aldridge, well known in the theatrical world as the African Roscius, died at Suranah Villa, Upper Norwood, March 25th.

AN OPERA COMPANY, composed of sixty performers, and under the management of H. C. Cooper (formerly of the Cooper English Opera Troupe), is performing at Sadler's Wells, London. Annie Kemp, of this city, is the contralto, and Brookhouse Bowler the tenor.

MR. GYE inaugurated his opera season at the Royal Italian Opera House, London, on the 29th of March. Bellini's "Norma" was the opera chosen for the initial performance.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" was produced at the Haymarket, London, on Easter Monday, for the 455th time, with Sothern as Dundreary.

"BEL DEMONIO" was performed at the Lyceum, London, on the 1st inst., for the 120th time. Mr. Fechter had not sufficiently recovered from his late accident to resume the character of Angelo, but George Jordan continues to perform the *role*.

AMUSEMENTS.

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OF

MUSIC AND MYSTERY,

with

ROBERT HELLER,

AT THE

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585 BROADWAY,

EVERY EVENING,

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NEW ORIENTAL MUSIC HALL,

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Fifty Beautiful Lady Waiters

Dressed in Fancy Costume.

Call and see.

2-2t* FRANK BURNS.

MILTON RAINFORD, First Old Man, is prepared to negotiate with Managers either for this season or next.

Address McVICKER'S THEATRE,

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PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT,

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TO BALLADISTS AND OTHERS.---A Celebrated Professional Vocalist, Author, Lecturer, and Humorist, is desirous of engaging a steady young man who can SING AND PLAY MELODEON or VIOLIN ACCOMPANIMENT. The advertiser commands first class audiences throughout the States. Address, for one week, "OLIO," Clipper Office, New York. 2-1t*

SIGNOR CHRISTOPORO BUONO CORI,

THE FIRE KING,

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ITALIAN SALAMANDER,

LATE OF THE CREMORNE GARDENS, LONDON,

IS COMING.

Managers of Gardens who would like to negotiate for

THE GREAT FIRE KING,

will address

JAMES CONNER & CO.,

2-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

MISS NELLY HOWARD,

THE CHAMPION LADY JIG DANCER,

HAS RETURNED TO THE CITY,

after a successful engagement in the ALBANY THEATRE. MISS HOWARD is open for engagements with responsible Managers through her agents,

JAMES CONNER & CO.,

2-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

TO THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

THE "ILLUSTRATED LIFE IN LONDON," a New London Paper—No. 1, Now Ready—Contains Dramatic News and Portraits. Also a MAMMOTH SHEET ENGRAVING, 18 by 28 inches, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, with Likenesses of Company, with Key to same. This Engraving, which is printed separate from the paper, should be in the hands of all. Price, for Paper and Engraving, 25 cents. Address MORPHY & CO.,

2-1t 81 Nassau street, New York.

BANJO, Jig Dancing. Essence of Old Virginny, Walk Arounds, and Irish Jig Dancing taught by JOHN BOGAN, Manufacturer and Teacher of the Banjo, 139 First Avenue, New York. On receipt of $1, I will send THREE WRITTEN LESSONS on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. N. B.—I shall remove on the 1st of May to No. 5 Second avenue. 1-1t*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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and

THEATRE,

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GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.

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THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS ENTERTAINMENT,

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and in order to merit the encomiums daily bestowed upon it by a discriminating public, the proprietor has determined to surpass all former efforts in producing

NOVELTY,

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The following Artistes are now performing at the Canterbury Washington:—

JOHN MULLIGAN,

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A BALLET TROUPE

of

SIXTEEN YOUNG LADIES,

MISS JENNIE ENGEL,

NAOMI PORTER,

ESTELLE and JENNIE FORREST,

MAGGIE WILSON,

NELLY RAINFORD,

EMMA THOMAS,

EMMA SCHELL,

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The entire Company numbers nearly

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The following Artistes are now playing a most brilliant engagement at the above establishment:—

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M'LLE KATERINA,

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TWO GRAND BALLET TROUPES,

The French Ballet Troupe under the direction of Mons Tophoff.

The Spanish Ballet Troupe under the supervision of M'lle Katerina.

MONS. VERRECKE,

MARTINI CHIRISKI,

THE ZANFRETTA FAMILY,

MONS. GIBBONNAISE,

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ANDREW LEAVITT,

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WILLIS ARMSTRONG,

And the entire Troupe, forming

THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF TALENT

Ever witnessed in any establishment in the world.

Artists of well known ability will consult their own interests by first applying for engagements to

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SIX DIFFERENT CITIES,

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FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENTS,

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The premier French Danseuse, and greatest Dancer in the world.

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Pantomimist, Dancer and Ballet Master.

THE SNOW BROTHERS,

with their troupe of

DOGS AND MONKEYS,

DELEHANTY

and

WARD,

The greatest Clog Dancers in America.

The Proprietor challenges any two dancers in America for

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Here is a chance for some of the

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MISS JENNIE ENGEL,

the Sweetest Vocalist and the Handsomest Woman in the Profession.

JOHN MULLIGAN,

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the Greatest Ethiopian Comedians of the Age.

MONS. VERRECKE,

the Wonderful Gymnast and Trapaze Performer, declared by all who have seen him to be the wonder of the 19th century.

MARTINI CHIRISKI,

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the great Versatile Actress, Vocalist and Danseuse, whose great success in the character, Fortunate, in the drama of the "Brigand's Oath," has been pronounced by press and public to be the success of the season.
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BEAUTIFUL COURT OF BEAUTY OF 20 YOUNG LADIES.
NOTICE.—Performers of acknowledged ability—Singers, Dancers, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, &c.—will find it to their advantage to apply as above. None but first class artists need apply.
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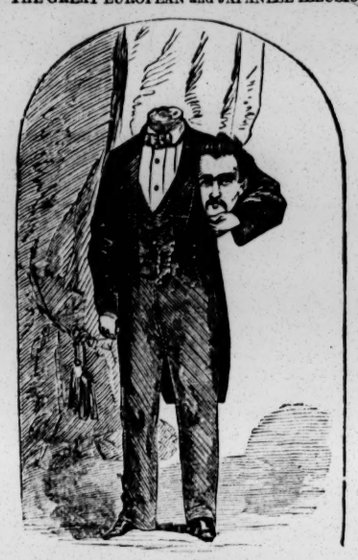

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THE FLIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLY,
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THE UNRIVALLED PANTOMIMIC ACTRESS AND DASHING EQUESTRIENNE.
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THE CELEBRATED MELODRAMATIC ACTOR & EQUESTRIAN.
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A FULL AND EFFICIENT DRAMATIC CORPS. 2-1t*

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Three in number,
ACROBATS, GYMNASTS AND PANTOMIMISTS,
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Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
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MRS. HATTIE ASHMER is at present disengaged,

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Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

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M. J. LANNAN.....Sole Proprietor.
PONY SMITH.....Stage Manager.
Grand re-opening Monday evening, April 11th, 1864. We do not claim that everything on our programme is
NOVEL, ENTERTAINING,
AND WITTY,
But we do positively assert that we have the best lady singers, the best lady dancers, the best comic singers, the best Ethiopian comedians, the greatest variety and the most satisfactory entertainment ever given in this city, among whom may be mentioned Miss Mary Walton, the fascinating and bird-like songstress. Miss Fanny Thompson, the pleasing danseuse, and Annapolis favorite. Miss Moreste, the pleasing danseuse. Jennie Drew, the versatile comedienne and fascinating danseuse. Pony Smith, the great negro delineator. J. H. Moreste, the great gymnast performer. Bob Lindley, the celebrated banjoist. Frank Lunn, the great comic singer, and a host of others, who will appear in Songs, Glees, Burlesques, Dances, Pantomimes, &c., &c.
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H. W. D. would call attention to his E Flat Street Cornet and Orchestral Cornets, (used by him,) as being superior to any ever used in this country. All instruments bearing his name will be fully warranted.
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will meet with prompt dispatch. 1-4t

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MOUSTACHES, SKULL CAPS, etc., on hand and made to order. Goods sent to all parts of the Union.
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NOTICE.—We do not send any more goods marked C. O. D. (collection on delivery), goods being frequently ordered but not called for at the express offices by the parties ordering them, and are subsequently returned to us with double express charges. Ladies and gentlemen in want of goods will please send for a Price List, and forward the amount of their orders per express or registered letter, in advance.
No Letters answered unless containing Stamp. 1-2t*

W. J. THOMPSON, the celebrated melo-dramatic

Actor, and his highly trained dogs HECTOR and CARLO, having just concluded a highly successful engagement at Aim's Olympic Theatre, are open for engagements to produce the following plays: "Cattle Stealers," "Dog of the Old Stone Cross," "Forest of Bondy," "Mountain Devil," "The Watchword," "Idiot of the Shannon," &c. Parties wishing to engage Mr. Thompson will address JAS. CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston street, or W. J. THOMPSON, 187 Forsyth street, N. Y. City. 1-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

MISS MARY PROVOST,

THE MOST VERSATILE, HIGHLY GIFTED, AND ACCOMPLISHED ACTRESS OF THE AGE,
performing a succession of engagements throughout the country celebrated for pecuniary profit and marked popularity, will commence an engagement of three weeks at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, April 25th.
Acknowledged as Miss Provost is throughout both hemispheres as a legitimate artiste of the highest order, the following complimentary letter from the famous Geo. D. Prentice is sufficient guarantee of her capability of portraying a line of character out of the beaten track:
MARY PROVOST
AS ROBERT BRIERLY,
THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 27th, 1864.
DEAR MISS PROVOST—Having heard much and read much as to your great success in playing the "Ticket of Leave Man," I was much gratified with an opportunity of seeing you in the character last evening. My high expectations were more than fulfilled. I was delighted with you in every act and every scene. I have no doubt that you could attract very large houses here every night for two weeks longer, by the enactment of a part you seem to have made peculiarly your own. Wishing you every success and happiness in all your wanderings, I remain, very truly yours,
GEO. D. PRENTICE.
Business communications should be addressed to SAMUEL COLVILLE, 832 Broadway, N. Y., or Howard Atheneum, Boston. 2-1t*

WANTED---A MINSTREL DIRECTOR, one who

thoroughly understands the business, to take charge of a company now organizing. None but a first class artist need apply. Address
2-2t* CHARLES E. MULL, 178 West 10th st., N. Y. City.

INFORMATION WANTED about LOUIS ZITTER-

BART, a Travelling Musician, who left his home at Pittsburgh, Pa., about six years ago. His father learned that his last address was with the Old Hundred Concert Troupe, at Montgomery, Ala. Any information of the whereabouts of his son will be thankfully received by the subscriber, GEORGE BLUMENSCHEIN,
2-1t* Philadelphia, Pa.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,

NIECE OF THE RENOWNED RAVELS.
This beautiful, young and talented
TIGHT-ROPE ARTIST, and SPANISH DANSEUSE,
has concluded her very successful engagement of six weeks at Sinn's National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio. This popular artiste is now performing at Beller's New Theatre, Chicago, Ill., commencing Monday, April 18th. Communications may be addressed to M. W. HANLEY, care Post Office, Chicago. 2-1t*

THEATRE, AUGUSTA, ME.

Manager.....Mr. S. E. BROWNE.
THE REGULAR SEASON
WILL COMMENCE
(after a short recess) on
FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 22D.
A FEW ARTISTS
of acknowledged talent and reputation may address the Manager at the Cushnot House, Augusta, Me. 2-1t*

HAIRLESS MARE FOR SALE.---Attention, Side-

SHOWMEN.—The third one ever seen, and the only one now living. The first one, owned by Moore, died in Kentucky some eight years ago; the second, owned by Prescott, died in Chicago last fall. The one now offered is four years old this spring, is a beautiful animal, and smooth as velvet all over, excepting a splendid long black tail. She is an A No. 1 side-show. Can be bought at a bargain, including canvass, organ, paintings, &c., by making early application to MAJ. BURNELL,
2-2t Museum corner of 4th and Pine sts., St. Louis, Mo.

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Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged abilities wishing to engage for a long season will please address the undersigned, stating the amount of salary required per week. A Matinee is given each week. J. H. McVICKER. 2-1t*

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WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
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THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young fe-

male Brass Band, twenty in number. Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverence to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

HERMAN A. FITLER, late property-man of the Va-

riety Theatre, Chicago, and Ned Simmons, scene painter, late of Syracuse, N. Y., will hear of something to their advantage by addressing GEO. F. McDONALD, Stage Manager,
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WANTED--A good WENCH DANCER: must be a

good personator of Female characters, capable of taking parts in Farces. Address BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
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N. B.—See Card in another column. 2-1t

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Entertainments Every Evening, and
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THE ACKNOWLEDGED MAKEPPA OF THE WORLD,
Has concluded the most successful
SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT
Ever known in the New Bowery Theatre.
During this Engagement a larger number of people have assembled nightly to witness her performances than ever was known before to collect in any Theatre in the United States.
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During the acts MISS FISHER makes the
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The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.
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17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 14½ lbs., and
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The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.
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48-3m-4t* C. G. RUSSELL, Business Agent.

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